

FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

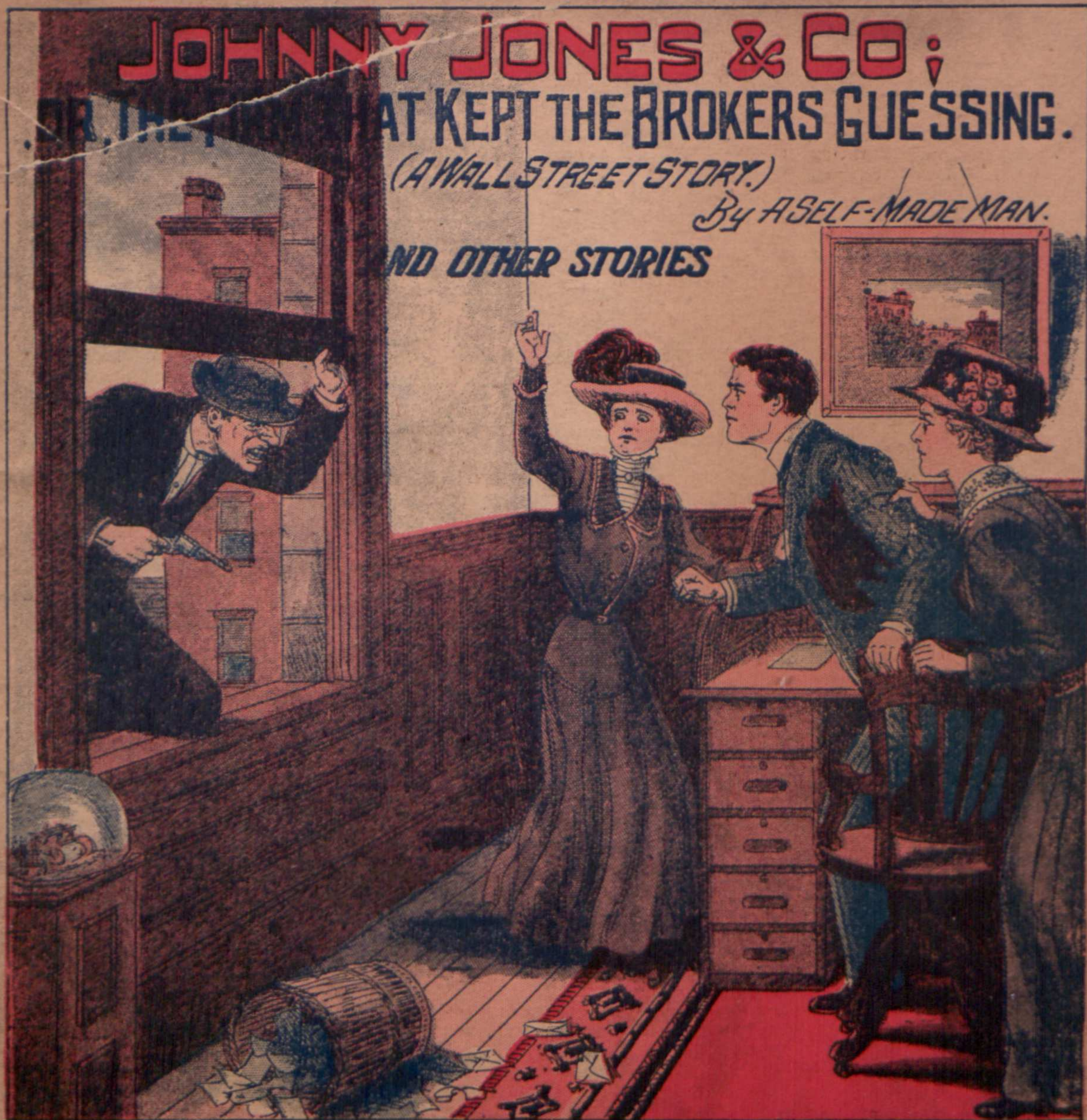
JOHNNY JONES & CO;

OR, THE BOY THAT KEPT THE BROKERS GUESSING.

(A WALL STREET STORY.)

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER STORIES



Both girls screamed as the window crashed open, and Johnny sprang to his feet in time to see a villainous looking man climbing into the office. He clutched a revolver in his hand, and fixed a baleful look upon the boy broker

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Johnny Jones & Co.

OR, THE FIRM THAT KEPT THE BROKERS GUESSING

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

CHAPTER I.—Introduces Johnny and His Two Girl Friends.

"Why, Johnny Jones, aren't you mean to startle me so!" exclaimed Mazie Green, as the said Johnny, a bright-looking broker's messenger, jumped out suddenly from behind one of the large, round pillars at the entrance of a Wall Street office building, and grabbed the girl by the arm.

"And you startled me, too, you horrid boy!" cried Kitty Brown, Miss Green's companion, with a smile which showed that the shock she alleged she had sustained was not a serious one.

"Sorry I pounced on you so suddenly, but it's a way I have sometimes. Where are you bound—to lunch?" said Johnny.

"Yes. It's half-past twelve," replied Mazie.

"Then I'll go with you and stand treat to pay up for giving you both such a nervous shake-up."

"How can you go with us?" asked Mazie. "You're always busy till the Exchange closes."

"Well, I ain't busy just now," responded Johnny, as he started up the street with the two girls.

"Why not? I hear things are just humming in the Street to-day. Eric has gone to 50, and half of the brokers are just crazy over it; while the lambs are falling over one another in their eagerness to buy. Under such circumstances you ought to be flying around like a winged Mercury," said Mazie.

"I know it, but, you see, I just had a run-in with the boss."

"With Mr. Judson?" cried Mazie.

"Who else? He told me that he guessed I was too smart for his office, and so he——"

"Well?" said Mazie, almost breathlessly.

"Fired me."

"You don't mean it!" cried both girls, in astonishment.

"If I didn't mean it I wouldn't say so."

"My gracious! What was the trouble?" asked Mazie.

"Well, you see, I used that tip you gave me on Erie. I bought 100 shares at 40 a few days ago. When I went to the Exchange a while ago and saw that it was up to 50 and a fraction, I made a bee-line for the little bank on Nassau street on my way back to the office and ordered my deal closed out. There was a mob there and I lost

fifteen minutes. But I couldn't afford to let a good chance get by me to make a thousand cases. You know you never can tell how the market is likely to go at any moment, and \$1,000 is a lot of money—to me. When I got back, old Judson was as cranky as an old machine out of order. Something he had for breakfast disagreed with him, I guess, or the trend of the market wasn't to his liking. At any rate, he handed me a call-down, and demanded to know what took me so long. I knew better than to tell him I had been using some of his time on my own account, but it appears that Henry Parker, our junior clerk, who is down on me like a carload of pig-iron, had been sent out on an errand, and he saw me go into the little bank, and figuring I had no business there, reported the fact to the boss when he came in. The result was I was called into the private room again and had to own up. Then Judson said things that the deacon of a church ought not to, and wound up by giving me the G. B. without much ceremony. Now I'm a messenger of leisure."

"That's too bad!" said Kitty, in a sympathetic tone.

"No, it's only one bad. I'm that one."

"What are you going to do? Look for another position, I suppose?" said Mazie.

"Without any recommendation?"

"I guess you don't need one. You're well known among the brokers. I heard Mr. Sanders," that was Kitty's employer, "say you were one of the smartest boys in Wall Street," said Kitty.

"Oh, I don't want another job," said Johnny, independently.

"Why don't you?" asked Mazie.

"Because I'm going into business for myself. I'm worth \$2,500, and that's enough to give me a start," said Johnny, leading the way into the restaurant.

"What kind of business, Johnny?" asked Mazie, curiously.

"What kind do you suppose? Why, stocks and bonds, private speculation, so forth and so on," replied Johnny, as they took their places at a table.

"You're joking, Johnny!" said Kitty.

"Do I look as if I was? No, I'm dead in earnest. I'm going to become a boy broker, and what I won't do to Wall Street isn't worth mentioning."

"You mean what Wall Street won't do to you!" laughed Mazie.

"Not at all. Say, girls, I'm looking for a partner or two of them, to help keep the ball rolling."

"Are you?" said Kitty. "How would Mazie and I suit you?"

"First-rate. Want to go in?"

"Sure!" laughed Kitty. "Mazie and I were talking about going in partners on our tips. We're always getting hold of good things. Instead of giving them away to our friends, as we have been doing, we thought we'd make use of them ourselves and make money."

"Now you're talking! Come in with me as special partners. I'll hire a room somewhere, and hang out a shingle—Johnny Jones & Co. You two will be the Co. How does that strike you?"

"Why, the idea! We couldn't leave our positions to go in with you, Johnny," said Mazie.

"Nobody asked you to leave your jobs. Hang on to them with both hands and feet, too. As special partners, I should not require your presence at the office except when you caught on to a tip. Then you could press the button and I'd do the rest. You both get off at four. You could come around after that hour and consult with the head of the firm—that's me. Maybe after a time we wouldn't keep the brokers guessing, eh?" chuckled Johnny, as he started in to eat.

"But we haven't any money to put in, Johnny," said Kitty, quite taken with the idea.

"I haven't asked you for any. You're both smart and pretty, and that's capital enough," said Johnny, gallantly.

"Aren't you complimentary!" blushed Mazie, who was rather sweet on Johnny.

"Pooh! I've only told the truth. You're the only two girls in Wall Street I'd make this offer to. Come now, be sports. Come in as my partners."

"It wouldn't be fair for you to put all the money in. I've got \$50 I could put up——" said Mazie.

"And I've got \$100 in the bank," said Kitty.

"That's a good place to keep it, Kitty," said Johnny, ordering rice pudding. "I want no money from you girls. I just want you girls. I've an idea that you'll make a couple of first-class mascots. One of these days, when I've made a million, I mean to marry one of you. I haven't decided yet, which."

"Oh!" chorused the girls, blushing.

"That is, if either one of you'll have me, of course," added Johnny. "You might do worse. I'm not such a bad-looking fellow, and Kitty's boss says I'm one of the smartest boys in Wall Street. At any rate, if I make a million I'll be worth considering, and you girls are too smart to let a good thing get away from you."

"Do you really expect to make a million, Johnny?" asked Kitty.

"Do I? Well, say, you can just pin it in your hat that I do, and Johnny Jones & Co. is going to make it for me, and put you two girls on Easy Street at the same time. Have you said, 'Yes?' Are you going to be my special partners? Speak quick, if you want to get in on the ground floor with the firm that's going to keep the brokers guessing."

"Yes!" cried both girls, together, carried away by Johnny's smooth talk.

"That's settled, then. I'll draw up papers of partnership. I can buy a printed blank with the legal phraseology. We'll all sign it in a day or two and then the thing will be done. Now, girls, if you're done, we'll drink success in pure water to Johnny Jones & Co."

And they did with great enthusiasm. Then Johnny paid the three checks and he and his fair special partners-to-be walked back to Wall Street, feeling as if they owned the town.

CHAPTER II.—Johnny Gets Busy.

Johnny spent the rest of the afternoon up to three o'clock in the reception-room of the little bank on Nassau street, watching the marker-boy chalk up the quotations on the big blackboard. During that time Erie dropped to 48 and closed at that figure.

"I got out at the right time," he said to himself. "I've lost my job by it, but I'm in \$1,000. I'd sooner have the thousand than the job, you can bet your socks! When Judson gets cooled down and begins to realize what a 22-carat fine messenger he's lost, he'll want to hedge. I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut that he will send for me to come back. And I'll bet another dollar that I won't go back. Mr. Judson can't sit on my neck and then make it up with a little soft solder. I don't say he had no right to call me down, but he could have done it in a different way. I've given him good, honest service for his money, now he can get somebody else to try and fill my shoes. I've done with him for good."

Johnny walked out of the little bank feeling as independent as a hog on ice. The first person he ran against was Henry Parker, who had taken his place temporarily. Parker tried to avoid him, but Johnny stopped him.

"I hope you're satisfied," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked Parker.

"You reported to Judson that you saw me going into the little bank, and I got the sack. You're a sneak of the first water, and if there were not so many people on this street I'd dust your jacket for you!" said Johnny.

"No, you wouldn't!" retorted Parker. "You got what was coming to you, and I'm glad of it!"

"You haven't got what's coming to you, yet, but it's coming, and here is a sample of what you can expect!" said Johnny, slapping the junior clerk in the face.

"I'll get square with you for that, you beast!" whined the sneak.

"Run along now, or I'll give you something on the other side of your jaw to straighten it. If I told you half what I thought of you your ears would tingle for a month," said Johnny, who then walked on.

"I'll fix you, Johnny Jones!" shouted Henry after him.

Johnny paid no attention to him, but went serenely on his way. He stopped into the first office building he reached and made inquiries about rooms. There were none to let. He was not surprised, for the offices were at a premium in Wall Street. He made application at several buildings, without finding what he wanted.

"Hello, Johnny!" said a messenger friend meeting him in one of the places. "Who are you looking for?"

"Nobody. I want to find a small office."

"Who for?"

"A new firm."

"There's a small office to rent in our building, but it wouldn't do for a firm, I guess, if they transacted much business," was the reply.

"This firm hasn't begun to do any business yet," said Johnny.

"Then it might suit. It's on the sixth floor."

"I'll go and look at it."

"If you know what the firm wants you will be able to tell whether it will suit or not."

"I know what the firm wants, and if it looks all right I'll hire it."

"Friends of yours, I suppose?"

"Rather!" replied Johnny, starting for the Addison Building.

He hunted up the janitor and inquired about the room.

"It's just been vacated by a patent agent," said the janitor. "Who wants it, and what's his business?"

"J. Jones & Co., stocks and bonds."

"It wouldn't suit a broker. There is only one room, and it isn't very big."

"I'd like to see it. I can tell whether it will suit or not."

The janitor took him up the elevator and showed him the room.

"That will suit," said Johnny. "What's the rent?"

He was told.

"I suppose I'll have to see the superintendent?" said Johnny.

"He's away for the day. If the place will suit, tell the parties to call and see him in his office any time after half-past nine in the morning."

Johnny nodded and left. When he reached the flat where he lived with his mother and a sister, who worked in a Harlem department store, Johnny said nothing about having lost his job in Judson's office. He knew his mother wouldn't like to hear that, and what she didn't know wouldn't trouble her. He intended to turn in his regular wages to her every week, just as if he continued to hold his position, and felt satisfied that in the long run he would do a whole lot better in his new venture than running errands for any broker. Next morning he called on a broker for whom he had done a big favor some time before. This trader had promised to return the favor any time Johnny applied to him.

"Good morning, Mr. Taylor!" said the boy on being admitted to his sanctum.

"Hello, Johnny, glad to see you! Take a seat. What can I do for you?"

"I want to rent a small office in the Addison Building, and I want to use you as my reference."

"Rent an office! Why, what do you want with an office? Have you quit Judson?"

"Yes, I've left him. We had a little scrap yesterday, and now I'm going to branch out on my own hook."

"You don't say! What business?"

"Stocks and bonds."

"What, you! You're joking, aren't you?"

"No, sir. I've got a backing of \$2,500, and I'm going to open up. I won't be able to get the office without reference, and I want you to furnish that."

"I'll oblige you, of course, but I think you're

rather young to begin operations as a broker. I'm afraid you won't do much business."

"Don't you worry about that, Mr. Taylor. I'll get along all right. I made a thousand out of the rise in Erie yesterday, and I calculate to do better in my next deal," said Johnny.

The broker smiled.

"I see there is no use arguing the matter with you. Experience is the best teacher for you, but it is usually expensive."

"I believe so, but I hope it won't cost me as much as some people."

The broker called in his stenographer and dictated a letter to suit his young visitor. When it was typewritten and signed, John departed with it in his pocket. He called on the superintendent of the Addison Building, showed him the letter and told him he wanted to rent the office till the coming May.

"Well, we don't rent offices to boys, but as Mr. Taylor guarantees you I will make an exception in your case. Are you ready to pay a month's rent down?"

"I am."

"All right. I will give you a receipt for it. Then you can come back in an hour and sign the lease."

An hour later Johnny took possession of the office, with the air of one who felt that at last he was a person of some importance in Wall Street. He lost no time in having it fitted up for business, and before he went home he had a desk, three chairs, a small safe, a ticker and other necessary things in the room, while a painter had inscribed on the door the following:

JOHNNY JONES & Co.,
Stocks and Bonds.

When he locked up he stood for a minute and looked at the sign.

"That is going to attract a lot of attention," he said. "The tenants of this floor will wonder who Johnny Jones is. It will surely hit 'em hard when they learn it's a boy. But they'll never learn who are the Co. My! if Wall Street found out that two of the prettiest girls in the district were Johnny Jones' special partners the brokers would have a fit. I'd have more visitors than I could shake a stick at," and Johnny chuckled as he walked over to the elevator.

CHAPTER III.—Johnny Jones & Co.

Johnny reached his office next morning at nine o'clock. He opened his desk and sat down.

"It feels pretty good to be one's own boss," he said, with a look of satisfaction. "I wonder when I'll have business enough to employ a bookkeeper, a stenographer and a messenger boy? Not for some time, I'm thinking. Certainly not till I have larger quarters than this. Well, I'm not worrying much about it. I shall be my own bookkeeper and messenger till further notice, and the girls will do whatever typewriting I may need. I'll have to rent a machine and buy a table to put it on. Now I must look over the daily market report and see how things are going."

After studying the report, he picked up the morning's copy of a Wall Street daily, which he

had subscribed for, and spent some time over that.

By that time it was ten o'clock, so he locked up and walked up to the little bank to watch the quotations there. He might have remained in his office and read them off the ticker tape, but he felt lonesome there and preferred to go where there was a crowd. Besides, the blackboard showed the quotations off to a better advantage. At half-past twelve he went to the corner of Nassau and Wall to wait for the girls to come along. They came tripping along in a few minutes.

"Hello, girls! how are you feeling this sunshiny day?" he said, accosting them.

"Well, if it isn't Johnny!" said Mazie. "Where were you yesterday? We looked to see you but were disappointed."

"I had my hands full fitting up our new office," he replied.

"My gracious! Have you got an office already?" Mazie said, in some surprise.

"Surest thing you know! You don't think I went to sleep over that proposition I made you, do you? Not much! I was on the job. I've rented room 641 on the sixth floor of the Addison Building, and have got it all fitted up. As soon as you two get off to-day I want you to come up and see it."

"The Addison Building!" said Kitty. "We'll be there a little after four. Write down the number of the room."

"It's hardly necessary. Just look for a door with Johnny Jones & Co. on it. It's to the right of the elevator as you get out."

"I must say you haven't lost any time, Johnny. So Kitty and I are the Co. Isn't that fine?" cried Mazie, beamingly.

"It doesn't seem real," replied Kitty.

"You'll find it real enough when the firm gets to doing business," said Johnny. "I've got a standing advertisement in two of the Wall Street dailies to let the world know that a new firm has come to town."

"Are you going to take orders for buying and selling stock?" asked Mazie.

"You mean are we going to? Sure we are, if we can get them."

"My! I wonder who'll be our first customer?" said Kitty.

"He'll be along after a while. I'll have to get him to give me his photograph, so you girls can see what he looks like."

The girls laughed at that and said they were afraid the customer would regard his odd request as somewhat suspicious. Johnny went into the restaurant with them, but this time each paid their own check. Johnny left his fair special partners in front of the subtreasury and returned to the little bank, where he stayed till the Exchange closed for the day. He then went to a stationery house, bought certain articles he needed and got the printed matter he had ordered. He got an afternoon paper from a newsboy and went to his office. Standing in front of his door, gazing at the sign in open-mouthed wonder, stood Henry Parker.

"Well, how do you like it, you lobster?" asked Johnny, coming up behind him.

Parker jumped as if a snake had bitten him and backed away.

"Is that your sign?" he asked, curiously.

"Yes. Do you see anything the matter with it?" asked Johnny.

"Do you mean to say you've gone into business?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?"

"You've got an awful nerve. What do you know about stocks and bonds?"

"I've forgotten more than you'll ever learn, pieface!"

"Don't you call me pieface, you beast!" cried Parker, angrily.

If Johnny's arms hadn't been loaded he would have made a dash at his enemy. Parker doubtless counted on that advantage when he applied the word "beast," a favorite expression of his, to the ex-messenger. He heartily hated Johnny, but was afraid of his prowess.

"Wait till I lay my hands on you, Parker, and I'll make you walk Spanish!" said Johnny, with a threatening nod.

"If you touch me I'll have you arrested, you loafer!"

Johnny turned his back on him and thrust the key into the lock of the door.

"Johnny Jones & Co. Oh, what a fake!" said Parker, in a guying tone. "Get on to the kid broker! It ought to be Johnny Lobster & Co."

Johnny went in and shut the door. Parker slipped up and shouted: "Oh, you fake!" through the keyhole. Then fearing to take any more chances, he gave the door a kick and started for the elevator. When he got back to his office he spread the news that Johnny Jones had hired an office in the Addison Building and was advertising himself as a dealer in stocks and bonds. The other clerks didn't believe him, for it struck them as ridiculous.

"Well, go up and see for yourselves. Sixth floor, room 641. The sign on the door is Johnny Jones & Co., stocks and bonds," said Parker.

"The sign may be there, but it doesn't refer to Johnny Jones who worked here," said the margin clerk.

"Yes, it does, for I saw him going in there. I asked him if that was his sign and he said it was. He must have made a raise somewhere to put up that bluff. I guess the Co., whoever that chump is, has put up the dough," said Parker.

The margin clerk said that when he went to lunch he'd go and see if Parker had told the truth. Fifteen minutes later he put on his hat and left the office. He patronized a quick-lunch establishment on Pine street. On his way back he entered the Addison Building and went up to the sixth floor. Sure enough, there was the sign on one of the doors that Parker had referred to. The margin clerk, whose name was Tom Andrews, and who was friendly with Johnny, opened the door and walked in. Johnny was at his desk, reading a Western mining newspaper.

"Why, hello, Johnny!" exclaimed Andrews. "Have you really gone in business?"

"That's what I have. Take a seat, Andrews."

"Can't spare the time. Parker told everybody in the office that you had an office here, but we didn't believe it. When he insisted that it was so I decided to investigate when I went to lunch."

"You're taking your lunch late to-day, aren't you? It's quarter of four," replied Johnny.

"Yes. I've been too busy to go out before. Well, this is a big surprise to me, and will be to the rest of the clerks when I assure them that

Parker told the truth. Do you expect to make out?"

"If I didn't I wouldn't have opened up."

"Who's backing you?"

"I'm backing myself."

"You must have money, then?"

"I've got some."

"Well, I wish you luck, but I can't see how you are going to do any business. You are only a boy and have had no experience in the business."

"I'm not worrying, so you needn't," smiled Johnny.

"Parker has been making all kinds of fun of you. He says you'll see your finish so quick it will make your head swim."

"He's liable to see his finish before I see mine. You can't expect anything friendly toward me from Parker. You know he hates me, though just what the reason is I've never been able to make out."

"He doesn't amount to anything in the office. Nobody likes him. But tell me, did you get the bounce for playing the market? That's what Parker says."

"Yes. I took a flyer on Erie. When it went up to 50 I sold out. Parker saw me go into the little bank on Nassau street, and told Mr. Judson. That's the whole thing."

"Then you got fired through Parker?"

"Yes."

"He's a little sneak. I'll tell the fellows, and they'll give him the cold shoulder. Well, I must go now. I hope you'll manage to get along. Good-by!" and Andrews departed.

Fifteen minutes later Mazie Green and Kitty Brown walked in. They took in the office with an approving eye as Johnny placed seats for them close beside his desk.

"You've got a nice little office, Johnny," said Mazie.

"You mean we have," corrected the boy.

"Oh, dear! I can't get it into my head that I am really one of the Co.," laughed the girl.

"Nor I," interjected Kitty. "But we must be when Johnny says we are."

"Well, you aren't the Co. yet, but you will be as soon as you put your names to the partnership agreement. Here it is. Read it and see if it suits your ideas. If not, I will try and make it suit you," said Johnny.

The girls read it in turn and declared that it suited them all right. According to the document the capital of the new firm was to consist of the sum of \$7,500.

The girls were each to pay in \$2,500 out of the profits of the business, but until that sum was paid in they were not to share in any individual deal made by Johnny, unless same was made on the strength of a tip from them.

"All right," said Johnny, "if it is satisfactory to you we will all sign it, and the partnership will be an assured fact."

Johnny affixed his signature first, then Mazie and Kitty signed it. He handed them a bunch of printed cards, which read: "Johnny Jones & Co., Stocks and Bonds, Room 641, Addison Building, Wall Street, New York City."

In one corner, in small type, was printed, "J. Jones, M. Green, K. Brown."

The statements and other printed matter were inscribed in the same way. The girls were delighted with their new importance, and declared

that Johnny was the finest boy in the world and the best friend they had.

"We are now partners, girls, and one of these days we'll be worth a million, more or less," smiled Johnny. "Now we'll shake hands to the success of Johnny Jones & Co.—the firm that will keep the brokers guessing."

CHAPTER IV.—Johnny Saves Two Ladies.

When Johnny got home that afternoon he found a letter from Mr. Judson awaiting him. The broker told him he could come back next morning on condition that he promised to do no more speculating. Johnny grinned and put the letter in his pocket. After supper he went downtown to a big vaudeville show.

He was standing on the northeast corner of Broadway and 42d street when two ladies—an elderly one and one about thirty-five—came along and started to cross over to the Times Building.

A taxicab swung around the corner at the moment and would have run the two ladies down only that Johnny sprang forward, grabbed them, one with each arm, and pulled them back.

They were both terribly frightened, and stood trembling on the curb, where the boy had taken them.

"You're all right, ladies," said Johnny. "I will see you across when you have recovered from your nervousness."

"You saved our lives, and we are very grateful to you," said the younger of the ladies, in an agitated tone.

"I guess I saved you from being run down, but you are quite welcome. I caught you both in the nick of time. The cab driver didn't see you in time to get out of your way."

"You showed great presence of mind, and my mother and I can never thank you enough. Will you tell me your name?"

"Johnny Jones."

"Will you give me your address?"

"There's my business card, ma'am," said Johnny, handing out one of his pasteboards.

The lady looked it over.

"Are you in the brokerage business?" she said, in some surprise.

"Yes, ma'am. I've just started out for myself."

"My husband is a Wall Street broker. His name is Willard Simms. Perhaps you know him?"

"No, ma'am, I haven't that pleasure."

"He will certainly call on you and introduce himself to-morrow. He will be anxious to thank you for the great obligation you have placed me under."

"I shall be glad to meet him, of course, if he calls, but as you have thanked me it isn't necessary for him to take the trouble to do so, too."

"He couldn't let such a service pass unnoticed," said the lady, dropping the card in her bag. "Now, if you will see us across to the Times Building we'll consider it very kind on your part."

"Certainly, ma'am. I'm going across myself."

They were bound for the underground station, and Johnny took them as far as the stairs, where they bade him good-by. Then he continued on across the street to the theater he was bound for. Next morning Johnny was reading his Wall Street paper when the door opened and a gentleman walked in.

"I called to see Mr. Johnny Jones," he said.

"That's my name, sir. Take a seat."

"Allow me to introduce myself as Willard Simms. There is my card," and he handed it to Johnny.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Simms," said the young trader, offering his hand. "You are the husband of the lady I rendered a small service to last evening, I believe."

"Small service!" exclaimed the gentleman. "She considers that you saved her life, as well as that of her mother, or at least saved them from very serious injuries, and from the facts of the case, as she related them to me, I coincide with her. I do not regard this as a small service on your part, if your modesty so puts it, but a very great one, for which it will be impossible for me to sufficiently thank you."

"All right, sir. I assure you I am glad I was able to save the ladies from being run over by the taxi. Anybody else in my position would have done the same."

"Maybe not. It took quick thinking, and quick action, and everybody is not capable of exerting those qualities in an emergency. You seem to be a very smart young man. Are you in the brokerage business in a small way?"

"Well, sir, I haven't done any business yet. I, or rather we, for I have two partners, rather younger and better looking than myself, have only just started in. I may say that this is our second day."

"Indeed!" smiled the caller. "You have graduated from some broker's office, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, I graduated before my time, and rather suddenly. I was employed by Hiram Judson. Maybe you know him."

"I know the gentleman in a general way," said Mr. Simms.

"We had a disagreement, which resulted in my cutting loose from him. I have a letter from him in my pocket, asking me to go back, but having crossed the Rubicon, I have decided not to. I think I can do much better on my own hook."

"I hope you will. If I can help you in any way, call on me and I will do the best I can for you. I shall be glad of the chance to repay the obligation I am under to you," said the broker.

"Thank you for the offer, sir. If I should require a favor I may call and see you, but I trust I won't need any favors."

"You can't tell, young man."

"That's right. Nobody can see what's ahead, particularly in Wall Street."

"Well, I hope you will call and see me once in awhile, whether you need a favor or not," said Mr. Simms, rising. "I am also instructed by my wife to say that she would be very glad to receive a visit from you some evening when you are not otherwise engaged. I will give you my house number, and I trust that you will oblige Mrs. Simms by calling soon."

"Thank you for the invitation. I will try to accept it," said Johnny.

The broker then took his leave. He had been gone about ten minutes when the door opened and a head was thrust inside. It was the face of a messenger boy who knew Johnny well. Henry Parker had told one or two messengers he knew that "that lobster, Johnny Jones, had rented an office and was putting up a bluff," and Dick Smith had heard the news. He didn't believe it, but

being in the Addison Building he thought he'd look and see if there was a new firm called "Johnny Jones & Co." on the sixth floor. When he saw Johnny seated at his desk he was paralyzed.

"Say, Johnny, is this you?" he roared out, following his head with his body and legs.

"Mr. Jones, if you please. Come in, Dick," chuckled Johnny.

"Jumping grasshoppers! What does this mean?"

"What are you talking about? Why don't you sit down? Want me to get up and hand you a chair?"

"What are you doing with this office?" asked Dick, capturing a seat.

"What does the sign say?"

"Say, you ain't a broker. What's the bluff for?"

"This isn't any bluff. It costs money to hang out in this building."

"I know it does. Who's putting up for you, and why?"

"Nobody is putting up for me. I am my own backer."

"Oh, come off! What are you giving me? A few days ago you were carrying messages for Broker Judson. Where would you get the funds for this sort of thing?"

"I am not publishing my private business, Mr. Smith."

"Mr. Smith! Aw, don't get funny! Parker says that Judson fired you for speculating in the market. Is that a fact?"

"I am not going to guarantee the truthfulness of Parker's statements."

"You were bounced, weren't you?"

"If you are anxious to find that out, go and see Judson."

"Well, you got out of Judson's mighty sudden."

"What if I did?"

"That looks as if you were fired. By the way, who is the Co.?"

"What Co.?"

"Your sign reads Johnny Jones & Co. Who is the Co.?"

Johnny tossed him one of his business cards.

"Three of you, eh? M. Green and K. Brown. Are they your backers?"

"I told you I was my own backer."

"I don't see where you got the money to sprout out. Get a legacy?"

"No."

"Find a pocketbook in the street, with a wad in it?"

"No."

Dick Smith scratched his head.

"I give it up," he said. "Expect to do business here?"

"Yes."

"Will you take an order from me?" grinned Dick. "I want 100 shares of Pedunk Preferred on margin."

"Sorry, but I don't do business with boys."

"What do you call yourself?"

"I don't call myself. I let other people do that."

"Aw, rats! I guess some broker, maybe Judson, is using you to grind the axe."

"I am not in the axe-grinding industry. I am dealing in stocks and bonds."

"Say, you and me have always been friends, haven't we?"

"As far as I know we have."

"Then why are you so close about things?"

"Because it's a good rule to keep one's business to one's self."

"Huh! Going to hold on here right along?"

"If things come my way I expect to, until I take a bigger office."

"Well, I've got to go. I'll get thunder for wasting so much time," said Smith, getting up and starting for the door. "So long! I'll see you again."

He bounced out and Johnny laughed. Ten minutes later the young broker put on his hat, locked up and started for the little bank to put in his time till lunch hour.

CHAPTER V.—Johnny Jones & Co.'s First Customer.

He returned to the office about half-past one and found that somebody had been taking liberties with his sign. A piece of paper with the word "Lobster" printed on it was pasted over "Jones." Johnny was as mad as a hornet.

"That's Henry Parker's work," he muttered, angrily, tearing it off. "I'll fix that chap."

The reverse side of the sheet bore the imprint of Hiram Judson, and that seemed proof positive of Parker's guilt. Johnny marched right down to Judson's office and entered. Parker was coming out of the boss' room with some papers in his hand. He didn't see Johnny till the lad grabbed him.

"Do you see that paper with the word lobster on it?" cried Johnny. "What did you paste that over my name on my office door for?"

"I don't know nothing about it," protested Parker, trying to release himself.

"I suppose you didn't do it?"

"No, I didn't."

"There's proof that you did," and Johnny turned the paper over and showed him Judson's imprint on the back of it. "See that? That paper came from this office, and you're the only one who would be guilty of such a contemptible act. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I've a great mind to give you a whaling right here. I would, only it would kick up a disturbance in the place. I warn you now to leave me alone in the future. If you don't like me you don't have to, but if you try any more little sneaky games I'll knock your block off! That's all I've got to say to you."

Johnny released his enemy and left the office. When he returned to his own place he saw a tall, ungainly man, dressed in a new suit that didn't seem to sit well on him, standing at his door, apparently trying to get in.

"How do you do, sir?" said the boy. "What can I do for you?"

"I dunno as you can do anythin', sonny," replied the stranger, good-naturedly, turning his weather-beaten face toward him. "I see this office is locked up."

"It will be open as soon as I can turn the key in the door," said Johnny.

"You belong here, then?"

"Yes, sir. My name is Jones."

"Son of Johnny Jones, eh?"

"No, sir. I'm Johnny Jones himself."

"You aren't the boss of this ranch, are you?"

"Yes, sir. Step in and take a seat. If I can do anything for you I will with great pleasure."

The stranger followed him in.

"So you're Johnny Jones himself, eh? Waal, now, you Eastern boys are certainly goin' some. I'll allow I didn't expect to find a boy broker in New York. I came up here lookin' for Case & Wheatley——"

"They're in the next building, on the same floor," said Johnny.

"When I didn't see their name on one of these doors I guessed I was in the wrong buildin'. I was goin' downstairs to inquire when I saw your sign. Johnny Jones & Co., stocks and bonds. Waal, that hit my eye right away. I says I'll bet that there Johnny Jones is a free-and-easy chap, or he wouldn't slap his name up in that way. I'll jest have a talk with him and maybe I'll do business with him instead of goin' to Case & Wheatley, whom I was recommended to call on. And now I find Johnny Jones is a boy. That's prett' good! Haw, haw, haw!"

"Well, sir, you were a boy once yourself, so you know we've all got to be boys before we get to be men. If you think I'm too young to do business with, why I'll take you right in to Case & Wheatley, so that you won't go astray if you're a stranger in the city, as you seem to be. I'm always ready to help a man who is out of his latitude. May I ask your name, Mr.——"

"My name, sonny? Sure! It's Hen Marshall. I'm from Paradise, Nevada, and I'm stoppin' at the Astor House, on Broadway. Arrived here this mornin' on a through train from Chicago, whar I stopped over to have a bit of time with a friend I know thar."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Marshall. You're the real thing from the West, aren't you?"

"Waal, yes, I guess I'm real enough. I'll allow I'm jest as glad to meet you, too, sonny. I reckon you're the real thing, too, if you are a tenderfoot. A fellow who'll hang out a free-and-easy sign like that, strikes me as being the right sort—a chap you kin depend on. At any rate, that's the way we do things out my way, and it makes me feel to home to meet a chap, even if he is a boy, who don't put on no style in Wall Street. If you kin do my business I'll give it to you, for I like your face, blame me if I don't, sonny. I reckon some boys are smarter than some men."

"Well, Mr. Marshall, tell me what business you want done and I'll tell you whether I can do it for you," said Johnny.

"I guess you wouldn't hang out your shingle if you didn't know your business. Wall Street doesn't strike me as a good place for people to get along in who aren't up to snuff."

"You can gamble on that with your eyes shut, Mr. Marshall, and win every time. The greatest game of chance in the world is played right here on Wall street, and if you get in on it and don't keep your brains right on the job from start to finish you are likely to go to the wall so quick that it will take your breath away."

"Yes, I guess so. Waal, now, what I want to say to you is strictly on the quiet. I came to the city to collar a bunch of minin' stock. It's held by a number of people in Wall Street who are of the opinion that it's burnt their fingers, consequently they'll be glad to get rid of it at a low figure if they're approached right. Now, do you

think you can buy the stock without givin' them the idea that you're buyin' a lot of it?"

"Yes, sir. What's the name of the mine, and how many shares are there held in Wall Street?"

"It's the Red Gnome Minin' and Millin' Co., of Paradise, and thar are 100,000 shares of it in Wall Street. It started off like a house afire two years ago. Ore was taken out that made folks think it was a new Jumbo or Florence. Then, all of a sudden, the bottom fell out of it and it hain't been worth nothin' to speak of since. Now, I've got an idea that that there mine will pan out yet. I've talked some of my friends into the same notion. So we've clubbed together and bought up all the shares we could get hold of out West. We got 'em for a song—ten cents a share. That's what I'm willin' to give for what's held around here. As there ain't no set figure on it now, you ought to be able to get it for that; but if the news got around that somebody was buyin' it up, the holders would think there was somethin' behind it and they'd want a much higher price than I could afford to give. So it'll be up to you, sonny, to work the thing on the dead quiet. I'll pay the regular rates, of course, and you ought to make a good commission out of it."

"Do you know the names of any of the people who hold this stock?"

"Here is a list of every holder, accordin' to the books of the company. Thar ain't been no transfers for some time."

Johnny looked the list over. Hiram Judson's name headed it with 20,000 shares. The lowest number of shares held by any man was 5,000, and Broker Taylor was that person.

"Well, Mr. Marshall, if you give me your order, and the money, or a certified check to cover the sum involved by the deal, at ten cents a share, I'll get on the job right away," said Johnny.

"The order is yours, Johnny Jones. I've deposited \$10,000 at the Wall Street National Bank to pay for that stock. I'll write you a check and you can get it certified at the bank yourself."

"Never mind. I know a better way. Instead of me drawing the money and carrying it around, we'll go over to the bank together and you can tell the cashier to pay for all Red Gnome certificates delivered C. O. D. on my order at ten cents a share. I won't handle your cash at all then, so there'll be no chance of me cheating you out of your deposit."

"Sonny, I ain't afeard of you doin' such a thing. If I had any doubts about you I wouldn't do business with you. You kin have the cash in your hand, or we'll go to the bank and fix things to suit you."

"I'd rather you'd arrange to have the bank take in the stock and pay for it. It would simplify matters for me, as being under age I can't keep a bank account and check against it. I have to do business on a cash basis, and I'd rather not carry your money around, when the way I have suggested will answer better."

"All right, sonny. You are the doctor," said the man from the West.

Johnny entered Hen Marshall on his book as his first customer, and noted the particulars of the deal. He then made the order for the purchase of the stock out in one of his printed blanks and asked his customer to sign it.

"Now we'll go over to the bank. We have just time to make it," he said.

They soon reached the bank and the matter was arranged with the cashier.

"Waal, I reckon you don't want me no more to-day," said the Westerner, "so I'll make tracks for my hotel."

"No, but you'll be around to-morrow afternoon, say a little after three, to get my report. In the meantime you can drop in at the bank and see how much of the stock has been delivered," said Johnny.

"All right, sonny. By the way, kin you dine with me to-night at the Astor House?"

"Yes, I guess so, if you particularly wish me to."

"I'd like to have you, Johnny. I'll look for you then?"

"I'll be there between five and six."

"That'll suit first-rate. So long, till then," and the Westerner walked off.

Johnny walked off in the other direction, intending to make his first call on his late boss and buy his 20,000 shares of Red Gnome.

CHAPTER VI.—Johnny Jones & Co.'s First Purchase of Stock.

Broker Judson was finishing up his work for the day when Johnny knocked at his private room door and entered when told to come in.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Judson!" said the ex-messenger, politely.

Judson nodded and then said:

"You got my letter, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Johnny.

"Then, why didn't you report this morning?"

"Because I have given up the messenger business."

"What's that?" cried Judson sharply.

"I have gone into business for myself, sir. There is my card," and the boy handed his paste-board to the trader.

When Judson glanced at it and read, "Johnny Jones & Co., Stocks and Bonds," he nearly had a fit.

"What kind of foolishness is this?"

"No foolishness at all. I am in business to try and make a living."

"Do you call yourself a broker?" sneered Judson.

"Yes, sir. I buy stocks and bonds and sell them, too, on commission."

The trader almost gasped at what he considered his late messenger's nerve.

"Then you're not coming back to this office?"

"No, sir."

"What did you come here for, then—just to tell me that?"

"Partly, but chiefly on other business."

"What other business?"

"I understand that you have some Red Gnome mining stock."

"Well, what about it?"

"I want to buy any part of 20,000 shares if you will sell it cheap enough."

"Oh, you do, eh? Got the money to pay for it?"

"How many shares have you, and what do you want for it?"

"I'll sell you 1,000 shares for \$200."

"Too high. I'll give you nine cents a share for all you've got."

"For all I've got, eh? I've got two hundred 100-share certificates, young man."

"All right," replied Johnny, coolly. "I'll give you \$1,800 for the bunch."

Judson looked at the boy quite hard.

"Have you got \$1,800 to invest in mining stock?"

"I've got more than that. You don't suppose I could go into the brokerage business on hot air, do you?"

"Huh!" said Judson, picking up Johnny's business card and looking at it again. "You have two partners, I see. Who are these people?"

"Two very nice persons, indeed, I assure you," replied the boy.

"Huh!" said the broker again. "I suppose they are putting up the money. I feel sorry for them."

"I don't think they require any sympathy, Mr. Judson. How about my offer?"

"I'll let you have the stock for \$2,000 cash."

"I'll split the difference and give you \$1,900."

"Where is your money?"

"Do you accept my offer?"

"Yes."

"Make your memorandum and I'll give you an order on the Wall Street National Bank for the money, payable on delivery of the certificates."

"Huh! Your firm banks there, eh? Why didn't you have a certified check?"

"How did I know you had so much of the stock?"

"Wait a moment," said Judson.

He got into communication with the bank in question, over the telephone, and asked if the establishment was prepared to honor an order for \$1,900, signed by Johnny Jones & Co. He was told yes, on delivery of at least 1,900 shares of Red Gnome mining stock. Broker Judson was satisfied and put the deal through. Incidentally, he began to entertain a new opinion of Johnny.

"Well, I'm sorry you're not coming back," he said. "You were a good messenger."

"If you hadn't discharged me in such a rough way you'd had me back, probably," answered Johnny.

"I was in bad humor that day. I had lost some money in a certain stock. Besides, as my messenger, you had no right to speculate in the market."

"I admit it, but as I saw a chance to make \$1,000, I didn't care to let it get away from me."

"Did you make a thousand dollars?"

"Yes, sir; on the rise in Erie."

"You must have had money to do so well?"

"I had more than enough to buy 100 shares on margin."

"All right," said Judson, shutting down his desk. "I hope you get on in your new venture, but you won't find it as easy as you may think. Good-by."

When Johnny got back to his office it was after four and he found Mazie and Kitty waiting for him in the corridor.

"Hello, girls! I haven't kept you waiting long, have I?"

"No. We've only been here about five minutes," said Kitty.

"I'll have a key made for you so you can get in when I'm not on hand," he said, opening up.

"What do you think, pards, I've booked our first customer."

"Really?" exclaimed Mazie.

"Fact, I assure you. He's from the Wild and Woolly West, and he's quite a good sort of fellow. I'm going to dine with him this evening at the Astor House, where he is stopping."

"Oh my!" exclaimed both girls, in a breath. "Is he good-looking?"

"Here now, one of that! I don't want my customer to cut me out of either of you."

The girls laughed.

"There's his name on our books, the very first entry. He gave me an order to buy 100,000 shares of Red Gnome mining stock. The mine is out in Paradise, where he hails from, and he and a combine are buying up all the outstanding shares at bargain rates."

"My! that's quite an order, Johnny," said Mazie.

"I am authorized to pay ten cents a share, but I just captured 20,000 shares from my late boss at 9½ cents. Our commission will amount to \$500 on this order."

"But we're not entitled to any of that."

"No; but I'm going to hand you ten per cent. of it, or \$50, to encourage you."

"Aren't you good!" cried Kitty.

"Oh, I appreciate the honor of having two such lovely girls as yourselves for my partners!" he replied.

"Oh!" exclaimed the young ladies, blushing and looking pleased.

"Johnny Jones & Co. is going to be a success, and don't you make any mistake about it."

"I hope so," said Mazie. "By the way, I've got a tip for the firm."

"Good! What is it?"

"I learned this afternoon that the Baker Syndicate has begun to buy up all the A. & C. shares their brokers can pick up at present low figures. Then they'll boost the price and unload on the lambs."

"Give me the source of your information." Mazie did so.

"It's all right," said Johnny. "To-morrow I'll buy 250 shares of A. & C. on margin. We ought to clear \$3,000. If we do, each of you girls will have \$1,000 in the business, and be entitled to a two-fifths share in all the profits. You must keep your eyes open for the next tip, Kitty, so as to square up with Mazie."

"I will," said Kitty.

"If we do well I should like to increase our capital to \$15,000, then we'll each have a \$5,000 interest in the business, and we'll be able to do business on the 1,000 share basis, which will give us a fine profit if successful in our deals."

"That would be just splendid, wouldn't it, Kitty?" cried Mazie, enthusiastically.

"I should say so!" responded Kitty delightedly. the Astor House to keep my engagement with our first customer. Show up to-morrow afternoon."

"We will," said the girls, and then Johnny locked up and started for Broadway.

CHAPTER VII.—The Co. Has an Introduction to the First Customer.

Hen Marshall was standing at the Broadway entrance of the Astor House when Johnny came along.

"Hello, sonny! I was lookin' for you," said the Westerner.

"I'm here," replied Johnny.

"I see you are. If you're ready we'll go in and eat."

"I'm always ready for a good dinner," smiled Johnny.

"Wal, I believe we'll get a good one here," said Marshall, as they started for the dining-room.

It was dark when they finished and came out into the rotunda.

"Will you have a cigar, sonny?" asked Marshall, moving over toward a cigar stand.

"You'll have to excuse me, for I don't smoke," replied Johnny.

"You mean you don't smoke cigars?"

"I don't smoke anything."

"Most city boys smoke cigarettes, I've heard."

"Yes, a good many do, but I don't consider it a healthy practice."

"I s'pose you don't drink, either?"

"No, sir."

"Waal, I reckon you ain't losin' nothin' by not doin' so. You've got plenty of time to learn. Got anythin' on for the evenin'?"

"No, sir."

"S'pose we take in some show? You know whar the theatres are, and can steer me up ag'n a good one."

"They're away uptown, but we can easily reach them by the Broadway cars, or the Sixth avenue elevated."

"All right, sonny. It's early yet, but we kin take a walk around before we go in the show-house."

"Yes, sir. We'll go uptown and walk around upper Broadway. There's nothing that would interest you down here."

As they had lots of time, Johnny steered his customer on board a Broadway car. In the course of twenty minutes they reached Union Square, and Johnny pointed it out to his companion. Six or seven minutes later the car stopped to let off passengers at 23d street.

"What squar' is that?" asked Marshall.

"Madison. That tall building on yonder corner is the Metropolitan Life."

"Gosh! It's a lollapolluser, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's something of a skyscraper."

The car passed three or four theaters on its way to 32d street, where they got out and started up the east side of Broadway on foot. They crossed Herald Square and went as far as 42d street, down which they turned. Johnny pointed out the corner where he saved the two ladies the night before from being run over by a taxicab. Marshall wanted a drink, and Johnny accompanied him into a gilded cafe.

"Suppose you take a soda, sonny? I ain't used to drinkin' alone," said the Westerner.

Johnny consented, and after that they went into the New Amsterdam Theatre, and Marshall bought a couple of \$2 seats. It was a kind of

spectacular show, with lots of pretty girls, and Marshall was well pleased with it. After it was out, Johnny put him aboard a Broadway car and told the conductor to set him down at the Astor House. Then the young broker went home and told his mother and sister, who had not gone to bed, what a bang-up time he had had with the man from the West. Next morning he bought 250 shares of A. & C. at 88, on margin, at the little bank, and then he started out to visit the other brokers on the list, who had Red Gnome mining stock. He got some for nine cents, but the bulk of it cost him ten cents. One broker held out for fifteen, until Johnny got up to go, when he came down to twelve, and finally agreed to take ten. The last man on the list was his friend Taylor, and he walked into his office at three o'clock.

"Hello, Johnny, how are you coming on?" asked the trader.

"Fine as silk. There's my card."

"Johnny Jones & Co., Stocks and Bonds," read Taylor. "You're going some, young man. Who's the Co.?"

"That's one of my business secrets. Their names are on the card."

"M. Green, K. Brown," said Taylor. "Never heard of them. A couple of boys, like yourself?"

"No, they're not boys. I'll introduce you to them some time. Now, I came in to see if you have any Red Gnome mining shares. I'd like to get about 5,000 at ten cents."

"You came to the right shop, for I've got fifty 100-share certificates. What do you want with that stock? I'll be glad to let you have the shares at ten cents, though they cost me twenty-five a year ago, but I warn you that they don't amount to a whole lot."

"I'm buying them for a customer."

"What! Got a customer already?" laughed Taylor.

"Why not? Do you think the men brokers of Wall Street have a mortgage on all the lambs?"

"If they haven't it isn't their fault!" chuckled the broker.

"Well, how about those shares? Make out your memorandum. Here is my order for your money, which you will get on delivery of the certificates at the Wall Street National."

"All right, Johnny. I'll send them around there."

Johnny took his leave, having filled his entire order, he believed, with satisfaction to his customer. When he reached his office he found Marshall cooling his heels in the corridor.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Marshall, but I was jut finishing up your order."

"Have you secured all the stock?"

"Every share."

"You're a lollapolluser!" said the Westerner, clapping him on the back. "I will pay you your commission now."

Johnny spread out the memorandum of sale he had received from the different brokers as evidence that he had fulfilled his contract.

"You will find the 100,000 shares at the bank, with a small balance still in your favor, as you see I bought 35,000 shares at a lower figure than ten cents," said Johnny.

"There are no flies on you, sonny," said Marshall, in a tone of satisfaction. "Do you know what I'm goin' to do?"

"No, sir, I haven't the least idea."

"I'm goin' to make Johnny Jones & Co. the authorized eastern office of the Red Gnome Minin' and Millin' Co. Them 100,000 shares I bought I'm goin' to leave with you for you to sell later on when you get orders from me to do so. You will be furnished with a stock book in which to make the transfers of ownership, and enough blank certificates to do business with. How does that suit you, sonny?"

"First-rate."

"Further, I shall recommend Johnny Jones & Co. to other mining companies wanting an Eastern transfer office. Your firm is likely to represent quite a number of Western mining interests. Not only that, but new propositions out West will be apt, on my recommendation, to employ you to act as promoters in Wall Street for them. You will find there is good money in it. Still further, I will recommend our firm as Eastern correspondent to such Goldfield and other Nevada brokers as are not already provided with representatives here in Wall Street. That will keep you right in touch with the Western mining industry. You will soon need a suite of offices, sonny, and Johnny Jones & Co. will become a recognized Wall Street institution."

"Mr. Marshall, I am bound to say that you are acting very generously toward us."

"Us! Well, I haven't met your partners yet, so I am doing this for you."

"You shall meet them, sir, in a short time. They'll both be here in about fifteen minutes, and if they don't take you by storm I shall be much surprised."

"Waal, I'll be glad to meet your pards, sonny. If they're anythin' like you I won't have no fault to find with them," said Marshall.

"Oh, they're a whole lot different from me," chuckled Johnny.

The man from the West began talking about the Red Gnome mine, which he said would shortly develop into a winner.

"We don't expect to sell much of the stock under a dollar," he said. "When we begin turnin' out ore that assays over \$300 to the ton, the people who sold out their stock to us are goin' to feel kind of sore. I reckon the price will go to two dollars inside of six months, and we'll be payin' dividends."

Just then the door opened and in walked Mazie and Kitty. They stopped on seeing the Westerner, and seemed about to withdraw, when Johnny jumped up and said:

"Come in, girls. Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Hen Marshall, of Paradise, Nevada. Mr. Marshall, this is Miss Green, and this is Miss Brown. They are my partners. You know behold the entire firm of Johnny Jones & Co."

"Gosh! You don't mean it!" gasped the wild and woolly gent, who was somewhat dazzled by the good looks of the Co.

He pulled off his big soft hat, got on his feet and bowed in an embarrassed way that showed he was not over-accustomed to the society of young ladies.

"Glad to know you, young ladies!" he said, jerkily. "Are you really the Co. of this here firm?"

"We are," said Mazie, with a fascinating smile. Johnny placed chairs for his fair partners.

"What do you think of them, Mr. Marshall? Aren't they hummers?" said he.

"Waal, now, I'll allow they're all right. This here is the greatest firm I ever heard of. A boy and two gals a-doin' business in Wall Street—and doin' it right up to the handle, if I'm to judge by the way my commission has been executed. Allow me to congratulate you three on bein' about as smart as they come."

"Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Marshall," smiled Mazie, "but really you over-estimate the Co. We girls are just side issues. Johnny is the smart one."

"Come, girls, you mustn't try to depreciate your value of importance to the firm of Johnny Jones & Co. You see, Mr. Marshall, my pards are as modest as they are pretty. The financial district is full of pretty girls, but I'll gamble on it that you won't find two that have anything on the Co. of this firm."

The Westerner said he fully agreed with his sentiments, and in a few minutes he and the girls were on excellent terms. At length, five o'clock came around and the young ladies said that they would have to go home.

"Yes," said Johnny, "it's time to lock up in Wall Street."

Mr. Marshall declared that he had passed the most entertaining hour of his life, and he said he hoped to have the pleasure of meeting Miss Green and Miss Brown soon again. The girls took their departure, and then Johnny walked as far as the Astor House with his first customer.

CHAPTER VIII.—Johnny Jones & Co.'s First Deal.

Johnny didn't see Hen Marshall next day, and when Mazie and Kitty came to the office, half expecting to meet the man from the West again, the boy told them of the business prospects that their first, and so far their only, customer had promised to put in their way.

"That chap is a regular brick, girls, and we made a ten-strike when he enrolled himself as our customer. If he does one-half for us that he's promised, Johnny Jones & Co. will soon begin to attract attention in Wall Street," said Johnny.

The girls declared that they liked his breezy and woolly ways, and said that he was a real man from the ground floor up.

"That's what he is," said Johnny, "and now hold out your hands and receive the ten per cent. of our first commission that I promised you."

With that, he passed over to them a brand-new \$50 bill each.

"Oh my!" cried Mazie, "this is just like finding money."

"Let us hope it won't be the last yellow-back that you'll come into easy possession of," laughed Johnny.

"Did you buy A. & C. yet, Johnny?" asked Mazie.

"Did I? You bet I did. I've gone the whole hog on it—250 shares."

"What did you pay for it?"

"Eight-eight."

"I overheard one of the members of the syndicate say to-day that they expect to send it as high as 110," she said.

"If it goes that high, and I sell at the right time, we'll clear over \$5,000, and your shares will go a long way toward paying up your capital."

The conference lasted till five o'clock, and then Johnny saw his partners to the Hanover Square elevated station. Next morning, just as Johnny was preparing to go up to the little bank, after noticing, by the ticker, that A. & C. had opened at 89, Hen Marshall walked in.

"Here is the Red Gnome minin' shares, sonny. Give me an itemized receipt for the certificates and then lock them up in your safe till you hear from me. I'm goin' West at two o'clock this afternoon," the Westerner said.

"So soon? I'm sorry to part with you, Mr. Marshall. I thought I'd have a chance to treat you to a show to-morrow night," said Johnny.

"I'm sorry that I won't be able to see more of you just now, but my business in town is finished. I bought a lot of machinery and ordered it shipped West. That's why you didn't see me around yesterday. Give my best regards to the young ladies—your pards—and tell them I shall look forward to the pleasure of meetin' them the next time I come to New York."

"I'll do so. I might as well tell you that you made a big hit with them, and they think you're awfully good to take so much interest in our firm."

The Westerner laughed, and said that it would be a great pleasure for him to give Johnny Jones & Co. a boost.

"You people deserve it, and it won't cost me nothin' more than a little breath," he said. "Besides, our mine needs just such a firm to represent it in Wall Street."

After some further talk, Marshall took his leave, saying that he wouldn't see Johnny again till his next visit to the city, whenever that would happen. Instead of going to the little bank, as he had intended, Johnny stopped in at Broker Taylor's, got a card of admission to the Stock Exchange gallery, and spent the morning there. He kept his eye on the A. & C. standard and noticed a broker standing there who appeared to be bidding on the stock and buying it in. There was very little change in the price, as Johnny noticed by the quotations that appeared on the blackboard. At half-past twelve he went to lunch, after which he went up to the little bank and remained there till three, when he returned to his office. Here he devoted his attention to various Wall Street and other financial newspapers till Mazie and Kitty appeared, as usual, as a quarter past four. He showed them the bunch of Red Gnome certificates that Hen Marshall had left in his charge.

"That's evidence that he intends to keep his word and make us the mine's authorized representatives and transfer office in the East," said Johnny. "If we get other mines, too, as he promised to recommend us to the attention of other mining companies, Johnny Jones & Co. will soon become known among the Curb brokers, and to the other traders as well. It was a great piece of luck that I captured Marshall. It may be the making of us."

The girls were delighted at the prospect ahead, and said they guessed that they were the only young ladies who had real business interests in Wall Street, outside the positions they held.

"That's right," nodded Johnny. "Anything new in our line?"

The girls had nothing of importance to communicate, and so the conversation drifted off into mere personal talk. A week passed, during which A. & C. went slowly up to 92, and then the brokers began to take notice of the stock, and considerable business was done in it. This led to sharp fluctuation in the price, the traders buying and selling again on small advances. Two weeks from the time Johnny got the tip from Mazie the stock began to boom and then there was something doing in the Exchange. He was in the Exchange gallery, watching the excitement on the floor till the price went above par, then he went to the little bank and noted the quotations as they were put upon the blackboard. At half-past two A. & C. was going at 110, and Johnny decided he would take no more chances with it. Accordingly, he sold out, and figured up his profit at \$5,500.

A third of this or \$1,833, would go to his private account, while the balance, or \$3,667, would go toward the firm's capital, as part of the \$5,000 which the girls had to contribute to match his investment of \$2,500. When they came in that afternoon, Johnny reported that he had closed out the A. & C. deal at a profit that covered two-thirds of the capital they had to put in.

"You girls only need \$1,333 more to make good. You have now each a little over \$1,800 in the business, which, with my investment, gives us a working capital of \$6,000, with \$167 over," he said.

"Are we really worth \$1,800?" said Mazie.

"Every cent of it, each of you," replied Johnny. "How does it feel to be worth a little money?"

"My goodness!" cried Kitty. "And Mazie's tip did that?"

Johnny nodded. He explained that he had deducted his share of the profits, which made him individually worth \$2,200 outside of the firm.

"When I have drawn the amount of my cash investment of \$2,500 we will then all three be on the same footing—the profits of the business will have furnished our whole capital, and you girls will be under no further obligations to me except for the fact that we couldn't have started out but for the backing my little capital gave us," he said.

"I think you ought to get more than the \$2,500 you put in to compensate you for the risk you ran," said Kitty.

"No, I went in with the understanding that I was to take all the risk in order to give you girls the chance to make good your part of the firm's capital. One more successful deal and then Johnny Jones & Co. will be on its feet. Although our articles of copartnership state that our capital shall be \$7,500, it will be better for the financial stability of the firm if we let our capital accumulate. We will need it as soon as we begin to do regular business outside our speculations. Understands, girls?"

They understood, and told him that whatever he suggested went with them.

"You are running the business, Johnny," said Mazie. "Do just whatever you think proper and we will be satisfied. Won't we, Kitty?"

"Of course we will," agreed Kitty.

"All right, girls; I'm glad you have perfect confidence in me."

"Why shouldn't we? We wouldn't be worth a cent of this money you have made for us if you hadn't taken us in with you," said Kitty. "You are the finest boy in the world."

"Thanks. You have said that once or twice before," laughed Johnny. "And you both know I think you are the finest girls in or out of Wall Street."

"We seem to be throwing bouquets at each other this afternoon," laughed Mazie.

"Then we'd better quit," said Johnny. "Although I have not collected our money yet, I've made memorandum entries to be written into our books as soon as I have compared them with the little bank's statement of account. There will probably be a small difference between the bank's figures and my own, but in the main you know just about how we stand at this moment."

The meeting of the firm then adjourned.

CHAPTER IX.—Johnny and Broker Fink.

Dick Smith, after his interview with Johnny at his office, spread the news among the messengers that Johnny Jones was really in business in the Addison Building, and that he dealt in stocks and bonds, like any broker. The boys were astonished, and a score of them in turn visited the sixth floor of the Addison Building, saw the sign, "Johnny Jones & Co." on the door, and tried to get in, but it happened Johnny was always away when one of them called. As Johnny wasn't on the street much during the two weeks the firm had been in existence, he didn't run across any of his old friends. Now that he had closed up the A. & C. deal, and had nothing on his hands of importance, he was in his office oftener than previously.

Henry Parker had taken the hint and let him alone, for he knew that he might expect it if he went too far. Besides, Parker didn't go out on errands any more, as Broker Judson had hired a regular messenger to fill Johnny's shoes. A number of the tenants of the sixth floor had noticed the sign of the new occupants of room 641 and wondered who the firm was. Johnny Jones was not a familiar name to any of them, and they figured that he, at least, must be a stranger from some other city. A Curb trader, named Fink, had seen Johnny go in and out of the office a couple of times, locking or unlocking the door, as the case might be. He had seen nobody else connected with the office, and several times when he tried the door, on curiosity, he found it locked. At last, on the afternoon following the close of Johnny's deal, Broker Fink tried his door for the sixth time, and this time he found it unlocked. He walked in and saw Johnny reading a newspaper at his desk.

"Beg your pardon, young man!" said the visitor. "Mr. Jones isn't in, I believe."

"That's my name, sir. Take a seat."

"I mean Mr. Johnny Jones, the head of this firm," said Broker Fink.

"I am Johnny Jones."

"Do you mean this is your office?"

"Yes, sir."

"And do you claim to be a broker?"

"I am a broker. I take orders for the purchase and sale of stocks, and I buy good bonds."

"You seem rather—ahem!—young for the business."

"I can't help that, sir. I am not responsible for my looks."

"Maybe you are older than you look."

"It is possible, just as you may be younger than you look."

The visitor bit his lips. He didn't wish to be considered any older-looking than he actually was.

"What stocks do you deal in?" he asked.

"All kinds—railroad, mining and industrial," replied Johnny.

"In-deed! I am a mining broker. My name is Fink. I have an office on this floor. Are you buying anything in the mining line at present?"

"No."

"If you would let me advise you, I would suggest that you get in on a new mining proposition, called Gloriana. It is only a prospect, but it will soon take its place among the producers. I have quite a batch of shares on hand, and could, as a particular favor, let you have a thousand or two at a dime a share."

"Much obliged, Mr. Fink, but I don't think we care for anything in the prospect line. The woods are full of them," said Johnny.

"I know, but Gloriana is a safe proposition, and now is the time to get in on it on the ground floor. I expect to see it advance any day to a quarter. Better buy a couple of thousand. You won't regret it. Take my word for it."

Johnny wouldn't bite.

"If you have any Red Gnome I'll buy it at a dime," he said.

Fink shook his head. He didn't have any, and Johnny didn't expect that he did.

"If you want some I'll get it for you," said Fink, who was not aware that the boy before him had bought up all there was in the Wall Street district.

"All right," replied Johnny cheerfully. "I'll give you ten cents, or even twelve, for every share you bring me."

"You will!" exclaimed Fink, with interest. "I guess I can get you a great many shares. I know several brokers who have it."

"Do you? Fetch the stock here and I'll pay you spot cash for it."

"Give me a written order to that effect."

Johnny made out a memorandum order and handed it to him.

"How about your responsibility? You are a new firm, unknown to the Street."

"I refer you to Broker Simms, of the Vanderpool Building, on Exchange place, or Broker Taylor, No. — Broad street. They know me."

"All right. I will bring you some of the stock this afternoon or to-morrow," said Fink, rising to go.

Johnny nodded, wondering where his visitor would find it. Fink, anxious to make a commission, started out to get some of the stock. He expected to have no trouble, for he knew there was a considerable quantity of it in Wall Street, but didn't know that it had all been transferred to the safe of Johnny Jones & Co. First he called on Broker Taylor and asked that gentleman about Johnny Jones.

"He's all right," said the broker. "I know him."

well, and have done some business with him. You needn't be afraid but he'll keep his engagements."

Fink was satisfied, and went away to call on one of the brokers from whom the boy had purchased 10,000 shares of Red Gnome. The trader whose name was Golding, was in his office.

"I believe you have some Red Gnome mining," said Fink.

"No. I sold all I had about ten days or so ago to a young chap who says he's a broker," replied Golding.

"You don't mean Johnny Jones?"

"Yes, that was his name."

"How much did you sell him?"

"Ten thousand shares. If you want some of it maybe you can get it from him. Or you might try Blaney. I believe he has a block of it."

Fink called on Blaney and found that he, too, had sold 10,000 shares to Johnny. The Curb trader called on other brokers who he knew had bought Red Gnome when it had a standing on the market, and found out from each that they had sold what they had to Johnny Jones & Co. Fink was astonished at the purchases of this comparatively dead stock by the boy he had visited. He kept tabs on them and found that so far he had traced 65,000 shares of the stock to Johnny.

"I wonder what he wants with so much of it?" Fink asked himself. "I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole. Could he have found out news about the mine that has not yet been reported in the papers? I hardly think so. At any rate, he seems to have been trying to corner it for some reason."

Fink knew that about 100,000 shares of the mine had been sold in Wall Street, and he wondered if Johnny had gobbled it all up. Making inquiries about other possible holders, he learned that Broker Judson was supposed to have 20,000 shares, so he called on Judson.

"What's that? You want some Red Gnome?" said Judson. "You ought to be able to find plenty of it. I had 20,000 shares cumbering up my safe till a few days ago, when I sold it to——"

"Johnny Jones?" said Fink.

"Yes. How do you know?"

"Because he seems to have bought every share in sight."

"The dickens he has!" exclaimed the surprised Judson.

"Your 20,000 shares makes 85,000 that I know he has bought. I guess he has it all."

"What in thunder does he want with that stock? Nobody else wants it."

"I couldn't tell you, unless he's been acting on private intelligence from Paradise."

"Private fiddlesticks! I suppose you don't know that that lad was my messenger up to three weeks ago."

"No. Was he?"

"He certainly was."

"And now he claims to be a broker. His office is on the same floor as mine, in the Addison Building."

"Huh! Somebody is backing him, maybe for a purpose."

"He looks to be a smart fellow."

"He's smart enough—for a boy."

"I tried to sell him some Gloriana, a rather uncertain prospect, but he wouldn't get interested. Finally he mentioned Red Gnome, and said

he'd buy all I brought to him. He never hinted that he had already been buying up all he could get. Maybe he bought it for somebody who has inside information."

"I don't see why anybody should patronize him in preference to a reputable broker."

"Well, the matter looks funny to me. He'll have the laugh on me now, for I promised to get him all the shares he wanted, and I can't find one," said Fink, rising to leave.

Judson chuckled, as he thought it was a good joke. He was rather pleased to think that it was his late office-boy who had worked it off on the Curb trader. He didn't have much to do with Curb brokers, and didn't know many of them, so he had no sympathy for Fink. Fink went away, feeling rather sour.

"I'd like to get square with that young chap for giving me a lot of useless running about," he muttered. "Maybe I'll find a chance."

Then he returned to his office.

CHAPTER X.—Johnny Jones & Co. Begin to Get Real Busy.

Johnny was sitting in his office after his return from lunch, a few days later, when a district telegraph messenger brought him a note from Kitty. The young lady had learned that two rival railroads, which had been trying to do one another on the freight and passenger business, and thereby had been carrying on business at a loss for a year past, had patched up their differences and practically consolidated their interests. This mutual agreement was to be announced as soon as the companies had fixed up a new freight rate, and were ready to resume their regular passenger schedule in effect before the fight.

The stock of both roads, which had fallen with the stoppage of dividends, and the possibility that they might get into the hands of receivers, was sure to jump up as soon as the news got out, which would happen in a few days. Kitty advised Johnny to buy all the shares he could on margin of the D. & J., one of the two roads, as she believed there would be a profit of \$10 a share in the deal. Johnny knew that Kitty was in a position to get the information she had sent him, and he also knew that she would not advise him to buy unless she had good reason to believe that the deal would be a winner. He, therefore, felt no hesitation in following her pointer. He went to the little bank and bought 600 shares of D. & J., at the market price, which was 72. It took \$6,000, nearly every cent of the firm's capital at present, to cover the marginal deposit, but Johnny put it up like a little major. The girls turned up at their usual time, and Johnny reported what he had done.

"We'll win!" said Kitty, confidently.

"If we make a profit of \$10 a share that will give us a boost of \$6,000, and as there isn't quite \$700 coming to me, our capital will amount to over \$11,000," said Johnny, "which means that we'll each have an interest of nearly \$4,000 in the business. By the way, we've got another customer."

"Another one!" cried Mazie. "Who is it this time?"

"A lady who lives up-State. She saw our advertisement in the Wall Street News and sent us \$1,000 to buy her 100 shares of B. & O. on margin. I've placed the order with Broker Simms, and he's going to divide the commission with us. He wanted to put the deal-through for nothing, as he feels under obligation to me for saving his wife and mother-in-law from being run over—you remember the incident, but I wouldn't have it. I've arranged with him to allow us some of the commission on all the orders we send him."

"Two customers already isn't so bad for us," said Mazie.

"Especially when we made \$500 out of the first one, with more to follow," said Johnny.

The girls didn't remain long, as they had some shopping to do, and there was nothing to detain them. That evening Johnny called at Broker Simms and her mother. He spent a pleasant evening and was invited to call again. Next morning he received a telegram from Hen Marshall telling him to look out for developments in the Red Gnome mine. The Westerner said that a letter was on the way to him. The letter arrived on the following day. It contained the official appointment of Johnny Jones & Co., as Eastern representatives of the Red Gnome Mining and Milling Co., signed by Marshall as president. There was a friendly enclosure from Hen, who told Johnny to have the name of the mine painted on his door. Johnny got a sign painter to do it. Three days later the news came out about the settlement between the railroad companies, and D. & J. advanced 5 points right away. Two days more it advanced another 5 and a fraction. Johnny sold out at once. When he settled with the little bank he deducted \$667 from the profits and added it to his private resources, making him worth \$2,700. The rest of the money went into the firm, making its capital \$11,500.

"You are now full-fledged partners, girls," he told Mazie and Kitty that afternoon. "We have also added a third customer to our establishment—a man from Cadiz, over in Jersey. He saw our advertisement in a financial paper, too. He sent us \$500 to buy him 50 shares of D. & L."

"If the customers keep on coming we'll need a bookkeeper," said Mazie.

"We'll get one when we have work enough to keep him fairly busy."

Two days later the news was flashed into the Curb market that Red Gnome had developed a big vein of unusually rich ore. Johnny also got a dispatch from Marshall to the same effect. The brokers began looking around for the stock. There was none on the market. A couple of the traders who had sold their shares to Johnny Jones, started to look him up. One by the name of Sloan was the first visitor at his office. He saw the name of the mine painted on the door of Johnny Jones & Co. He came in, asked Johnny if he remembered buying 6,000 shares from him at 9 3-4 cents, and then said he would like to buy 10,000 shares from him at a reasonable figure.

"None of the stock is for sale yet, sir. I can only sell the stock on orders from headquarters, and I can't tell when I'll get those orders. I am advised that it is going for 35 cents on the Goldfield market. I suppose that price is being offered for it on the Curb, but there won't be any sales

unless there are some holders in this city I know nothing about."

"I'll give you 40 cents for any part of 10,000 shares," said the broker.

"No, sir. I can't sell at any price without orders."

Mr. Sloan was obliged to depart without the stock. He reported the result of his interview with Johnny to other Curb traders, and told them that Johnny Jones & Co. appeared to be the Wall Street representatives of the mining company. The result was, Johnny had many calls from Curb brokers that day. He telegraphed the aspect of affairs to Marshall, and received authority to dispose of 25,000 shares of the stock at 50 cents. Next morning he called on Broker Fink and asked him if he wanted any of the stock for 50 cents. Fink replied, in a grouchy way, that he didn't.

"Guess you're sore on me, aren't you, Mr. Fink?" he said, with a smile.

"I think you played me a trick some time ago by sending me on a wild goose chase after Red Gnome, when you had already bought up about all there was in the market," replied the trader.

"You made the offer yourself, and as you seemed so confident of getting the stock I thought I'd let you make the attempt," said Johnny.

"You had the joke on me, so I hope you're satisfied."

"Well, I'll make it all right with you. I have orders to let out 25,000 shares of Red Gnome at 50 cents. I'll give you the commission to sell the stock on the Curb at that price, if anybody wants it. You will render me a statement of the result and I will pay you your commission," said Johnny.

"Do you mean that?" asked Fink quickly.

"Certainly I mean it. Here's the order in black and white, with the firm's name to it. We are the authorized representatives of the mine in Wall Street. If you doubt the fact, come into my office and I will show you my authority from the president of the company."

"I believe you, for I see you've got the name of the mine on your door. Much obliged for the order. That makes up for your little joke," and the grouchiness vanished from Fink's demeanor.

Fink went over to the Curb and began offering the stock at 50 cents. As that was the reported quotation on the Goldfield market that morning, the trader sold every share in a few minutes. As no more was forthcoming, those who had bought began selling at an advance of 10 cents, which made the price 60 cents on the Curb. Fink reported that he had sold the shares, and Johnny telegraphed the fact to Marshall, together with word that the price had advanced to 60 on the Curb. Hen replied that Johnny could sell another 25,000 at the best figure he could get for it above 55 cents. Johnny gave orders to that effect to two of the brokers he had bought the stock from, and they sold it at various prices up to 68 cents.

Thus, Johnny Jones & Co. sold half of the 100,000 he had bought for Marshall for less than \$10,000, for \$28,000, less his own and the brokers' commissions, and he still had 50,000 shares left to sell when he got orders to let it out. A stock book and bunch of blank certificates arrived from the West that day, and Johnny remained in the office to attend to the transfer of shares when

presented for that purpose. Now that 50,000 were out, and the other 50,000 would shortly follow, and the stock was being dealt in, it was necessary that the office should be kept open all through the regular business hours of the Street.

"I'll have to get a smart office boy to help out," said Johnny to himself. "I can't stay in the office myself all the time."

So he advertised in one of the morning dailies, and directed applicants to apply by mail in their own handwriting, giving reference and particulars as to ability, for he did not want a small army of turbulent boys besieging his office and obstructing the corridor. He got a hundred or more replies to his advertisement, and picking out the most promising of the bunch asked the lads to call at different hours.

After interviewing all of them he finally selected one, whose name was Tom Johnson, and this lad he started in at \$5 a week. His office hours were from nine to four, except on Saturday, when his time was up at half-past twelve. He was given charge of the transfer book, and it was his duty to make out the new certificate and deliver them when called for. He proved to be smart and capable, and Johnny was well pleased with him. When the price of Red Gnome advanced to a dollar, Johnny received instructions from Marshall to let the rest of the stock out. He did so, and Marshall and his associates realized a profit of \$68,000 on the transaction Johnny Jones & Co. had engineered for them. Johnny remitted the money in sections, with his statements, and when the Western men received the final settlement, Marshall sent the young firm 1,000 shares of Red Gnome as a present from himself and his partners.

CHAPTER XI.—Business Increases with Johnny Jones & Co.

It was about this time that Johnny got a tip from Broker Simms' wife. The lady, being downtown on a visit to her husband, took the opportunity to call on her young rescuer. Johnny happened to be in his office and gave her a cordial welcome.

"It is very kind of you to call on me, Mrs. Simms," he said, after placing a chair for her.

"Not at all," she answered, with a smile. "I came down to see my husband, and being in the vicinity I thought I ought to make you a visit. Indeed, my husband suggested that I run over and see you. You have quite a nice office."

"Rather small in comparison with brokers' offices, generally, but it is quite large enough at present for the business I do."

"You have a partner, I believe?"

"Two of them, Mrs. Simms, but they are seldom here before four o'clock."

"Are you connected with the Red Gnome mine? My husband says that it has lately turned out to be a winner."

"We are the Wall Street representatives of the mine. All shares changing owners in the East are sent here to be transferred on the stock register. We make the change and issue new certificates to the new owners. A copy of all such transactions is daily forwarded to the main office of the company, in Paradise, Nevada."

"I see," said the lady.

"The company's secretary also sends us a record of all transfers made in the West, so that our stock book is a practical duplicate of the original at the home office."

"I didn't know the method of stock transfers before, never having had occasion to ask my husband about it. I have learned something new by calling on you," she smiled.

"I guess we all learn something new every day of our lives."

"You have to be wide-awake to keep up with Wall Street, I guess."

"Yes, ma'am. You can't go to sleep down here and expect to succeed."

"Do you deal altogether in mining shares?"

"No, ma'am. We got our start through deals that were put through the New York Stock Exchange for us."

"My husband has done a little business for you in that line, I believe?"

"Not much, and only transactions for the few customers we have on our books at present. You see, we are not rich enough to be represented on the board of the Exchange, except by proxy. We have to employ a member to operate for us. Naturally that makes a big hole in our commissions. In fact, according to the rules, we are not entitled to participate in the commission at all, but brokers do make an allowance, notwithstanding, otherwise, we outsiders couldn't make anything at all on our business. Mr. Simms is very generous in that respect, and we hope in time to give him considerable business, when we get it. At present we rely on private deals of our own when we see a chance to make something in that line. We have received two or three good tips that have helped us, but such things are like angels' visits."

The lady looked at him reflectively.

"I might give you a tip myself, if you would promise not to tell anybody else about it," she said.

"You can reply on my honor, Mrs. Simms."

"Very well. I am under a great obligation to you and would like to repay it if I could. My husband has just been employed by a big syndicate to buy L. & M. stock, with a view of cornering it, forcing up the price and then selling out afterward at a considerable advance. I think you could not do better than buy some of that stock yourself at the present price, and hold it till it goes up. You will make money by doing so."

"Thank you, Mrs. Simms. We will take advantage of your pointer. It is very kind of you to put us on to such a good thing. I have no doubt it will prove of great advantage to us."

"Don't buy through my husband's office. Go to some other broker."

"Yes, ma'am. We patronize a little bank on Nassau street. This concern has been putting through all our private deals."

"Well, I must go now. I shall expect you to call at our house and let me know how you come out."

"I will certainly do so. Allow me to see you to the elevator."

Soon afterward Johnny went to the little bank and bought 1,000 shares of L. & M. on margin, at 90.

"If all goes well, this is where Johnny Jones

& Co. will double their capital," said Johnny to himself, as he left the bank. "Nothing like having a good tip to back your money with."

Then he went to the Stock Exchange to see how things were coming on in the board room, by taking a bird's eye view of the floor from the gallery.

Mazie and Kitty made their appearance shortly after four. Johnny told them the tip he had got from the lady to whom he had rendered the service on 42d street.

"She assured me that it would prove a winner, so I bought 1,000 shares of L. & M. We ought to make \$10,000 at least out of this deal, and that would raise our capital to something over \$20,000."

The girls were delighted at the idea of making more money, and Mazie remarked that before long they would be coming to their offices in an automobile. Next morning Johnny bought 200 shares more for his private account, and then he devoted the major part of his attention to watching the market. During the next ten days L. & M. began to attract a certain amount of attention, as he speculators saw that it was gradually rising. A large amount of business was done in it, and it finally reached 97. Then it suddenly began booming like a house afire. Johnny held on till it struck 105, when, from the volume of sales, he began to think that the insiders were rapidly unloading.

He gave his order to sell both lots. They went at 105 $\frac{3}{4}$. At that figure the firm reaped a profit of \$15,500, raising their capital to \$27,000, and Johnny himself made about \$3,000, which made him worth \$6,000 outside of his business interests. Before this he had told his mother and sister that he was out of Broker Judson's employ and in business for himself under the name of Johnny Jones & Co.

As he appeared to be making money, they had no fault to find with the change. Soon after the successful closing out of the L. & M. deal Johnny received a letter from the president of a new Paradise mining company, asking him if his firm would act as Wall Street representative of the Yellow Jacket Mining Company. He was requested to send his terms for disposing of 100,000 shares of its stock at 10 cents a share. Before replying to this letter, Johnny telegraphed to Hen Marshall for advice and information on the mine. He received word to accept the proposition, and name his commission.

Accordingly, he wrote the president of the Yellow Jacket an affirmative reply and indicated what the firm would charge for services rendered.

Inside of a week he received the official appointment, 1,000 numbered blank certificates for 100 shares each, duly signed by the chief officers, bearing the seal of the company, a bunch of glowing literature and a stock register. The foregoing was accompanied by a letter of instruction of the stock, which could not be dealt in on Curb, as it was as yet unlisted.

Johnny at once inserted an advertisement in two or three daily papers, offering the stock of the mining company for sale at 10 cents, and requesting those interested to send for pamphlets and other printed matter.

He received a great number of replies, in anticipation of which he had a circular typewritten

letter printed, which he signed and inclosed with each answer he sent off.

In the meantime, he had the name of the Yellow Jacket mine placed on his door, under the Red Gnome company.

"We are getting on, girls," he said, when his fair partners came around one day. "I had several callers to-day who were interested in our new proposition, and I talked them into buying 10,000 shares of the stock. I also got orders, with the cash, through the mail for another 10,000. So you see I have disposed of a fifth of the Eastern allotment already."

"We're doing fine, Johnny," said Mazie. "Have the brokers done any guessing about us yet?"

"I believe a number of them are trying to guess who my partners are," laughed Johnny. "I'm often asked who constitutes the Co., but I never let on. Broker Taylor seems particularly anxious to learn. He saw you girls come in here yesterday when you were out at lunch hour, and he afterward jokingly asked me if you were the Co. I laughed and said, sure thing, but he didn't take my reply seriously, as I expected. Johnny Jones & Co. is getting to be pretty well known on the Curb now, but not one of the traders entertains the least suspicion concerning the real sex of the Co."

"I hope not," said Kitty, "for I don't want Mr. Sanders to learn that I am a member of the firm of Johnny Jones & Co. It might impair my usefulness in the tip line."

"Same with me," said Mazie. "Mr. Butler would have a fit."

"Well, the facts are bound to come out some time, but there is no need for us to hasten the news," said Johnny.

After a business talk the conference broke up.

CHAPTER XII.—The Man at the Window.

One morning, about this time, Johnny sent his office boy over to the Exchange to deliver a note to Mr. Simms.

"If he isn't there, go to his office," he said.

So Tom Johnson departed on his errand and soon appeared at the rail in the messenger's entrance of the Exchange. Dick Smith happened to be there at the time, and he recognized Johnson as a lad new to Wall Street.

"Hello, skeezicks! Who are you working for?" he said.

"Johnny Jones & Co.," replied Tom.

"Who?" almost gasped Dick.

Tom repeated his answer.

"Well, suffering sausages, this beats the deck! Say, Jimmy!" to another messenger. "What do you think? Johnny Jones has a messenger, and here he is."

"You don't mean it!" replied Jimmy, apparently just as astonished, looking at Johnson. "Say, cully, what's your name?"

"Tom Johnson."

"Are you really working for Johnny Jones?"

"I'm really working for Mr. Johnny Jones."

"Gee whiz! He must be doing some biz!"

"Did you think he was running the office for fun?"

"Has he got any customers?"

"Yes, and the firm represents two Nevada mining companies."

"What are they—wildcats?"

"I don't know what you mean by wildcats, but I guess they're good mines. The Red Gnome is the name of one and the Yellow Jacket is the other. Our place is the transfer office for both."

"Gosh! Who'd believed that Johnny Jones would be boss of an office? By the way, who is the Co.?"

"I haven't met Mr. Jones' partners yet."

"How many partners has he got?" asked Dick Smith.

"Two."

"And you haven't seen either? How long have you been there?"

"A little over a week."

"Say, Jimmy, I guess a couple of financiers are using Johnny as a figgerhead for some scheme they're working," said Dick, as Broker Simms came up to the rail and Tom Johnson handed him Johnny's note.

The broker read it and dismissed him with a nod, so Tom went away without hearing any further remarks on the subject of his boss from Dick and Jimmy. Those two lads spread the news around that Johnny Jones was doing business enough to have a messenger, like any broker. That afternoon Jimmy was in the Addison Building and he thought he'd drop in and see his old friend Johnny. He opened the door and poked his head in just as Dick Smith did when he called. It happened that Johnny had a bunch of callers at the time, so Jimmy retired, much impressed with the aspect of business in Johnny's office. He stood for a moment looking at the sign.

"Who would think that Johnny would branch out to be a trader so soon. There's lots of free-and-easy style about his sign. With two mines to handle, he must be making money. I wonder who the guys are who set him up? I wish some good Samaritan would come along and set me up in an office. I guess I'm as smart as Johnny. Some fellers catch on to all the luck that's floating around, while others——"

The elevator cage came along, Jimmy got aboard, and was soon on the street. The Red Gnome mine continued to engage the attention of the Curb market, and as many shares of the 100,000 which Johnny had let out once more on the market kept on changing hands, and as a consequence had to be sent to the boy's office to be transferred on the stock book, Johnny Jones & Co. became better known every day. Of course all those brokers who had any dealings with the young firm knew that Johnny Jones was a boy and a pretty bright one. Who the Co. was nobody had any idea, and no one was particularly interested. One morning, Johnny read in a financial paper something that interested him. It was a report that Phoenix Copper was coming to the front. He had noticed that this stock had gone up during the past few days a dollar a share. He put on his hat and went around to call on Taylor. That gentleman was out, so he went up to Broker Simms' office. He asked Simms what he thought about Phoenix and its prospects.

"I don't know much about it, Johnny, for I'm too busy with other matters to follow Curb stocks. But I'll give you a note to a big Curb broker and ask him to enlighten you as a favor to me," said the trader.

He called his stenographer in, dictated a let-

ter, and Johnny carried it to the office of Brewster & Co. and delivered it to Mr. Brewster.

"What do you want to know, young man?" asked Brewster.

Johnny told him.

"Are you thinking of buying Phoenix Copper to make a little money?" asked the broker, who supposed the boy to be some young friend of Simms', and did not dream that he was in business in Wall Street.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I don't want you to go around telling all your friends that I advised you to buy Phoenix. Keep my advice to yourself, understand? Phoenix is ruling at about \$7 now. Put your money into it right away and hold on till it gets up to around \$12, and then sell quick. You'll make a little stake. Then put your money in the bank and let it stay there. Speculating in the market is a bad thing for boys. Good-by."

Johnny left Brewster's office with a chuckle.

"He thinks I'm a little tender lamb. I reckon he'd be mightily surprised to learn that I'm head of an enterprising firm right here in the Street, with a capital of \$27,000 behind us. I guess he wouldn't have given me that tip, for that's what it really amounts to. Buy Phoenix Copper at \$7 and sell it at \$12. Evidently he has a pretty clear idea that it's going to \$12. Well, I guess Johnny Jones & Co. will make another raise in capital right here. I'm going to buy 3,000 shares outright, if I can get them, and if the price goes to \$12 we'll clear \$15,000. At any rate, the firm can't lose much, for Phoenix Copper is not likely to drop anything to speak of, if a screw should work loose in Mr. Brewster's pointer."

So Johnny called on a Curb broker he had had dealings with and left his order for 3,000 shares or any part of that number, at the market price. When his partners came in that afternoon he told them about the new deal.

"Mr. Brewster as good as told me I'd make \$5 a share on my deal if I bought Phoenix Copper at \$7," said Johnny. "I suppose he thought I had a few hundred dollars that I wanted to add to. This looks as if it's going to be another lucky deal for us, girls."

"The tips seem to be coming your way now, Johnny," said Mazie. "This is the second you've had in succession."

"What's the difference as long as we get them?"

"Why, you're doing all the work and we're doing nothing. It isn't fair."

"What do you care as long as I'm not kicking?"

"Well, you should have a full half interest in the firm, instead of a third, and Kitty and I a quarter each."

"That's the way we want it, Johnny," said Kitty. "Mazie and I have been talking it over, and we want you to fix the partnership papers that way. You're really the whole thing, anyway. You're building up the business, while we are just lookers-on, as it were, and we're drawing wages from outside people. A half interest is little enough for you under the circumstances."

They talked the matter over for some time, Johnny declaring that while he wouldn't say that, as things had turned out, he wasn't rightly entitled to a half interest in the business, he was willing to stand by the original arrangement. In the end, the two girls had their way and their

agreement was altered to suit their ideas of justice.

"You girls are as square as people come in this world," said Johnny. "I did not make any mistake in taking you in with me. If I had to say which of you I like the best I don't believe I could do it. I like you both best. You're 18-carat fine diamonds, without a flaw."

"Oh, come now, Johnny, you'll make us proud and conceited if you go on talking that way," laughed Mazie.

"Nonsense! All the verbal bouquets in the world would not alter you."

At that moment there was a noise outside the window. The form of a rough-looking man, with a hard face, came crawling along the coping outside. Both girls screamed as the window crashed open and Johnny sprang to his feet in time to see a villainous-looking man climbing into the office. He clutched a revolver in his hand and fired a baleful look on the boy broker.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Johnny Captures the Ill-favored Stranger.

"Hello! What do you want?" demanded Johnny, astounded by his appearance in that direction.

To reach the window he had taken desperate chances of falling six floors into the street.

"I want you to keep quiet," gritted the man. "I'm not going to hurt you if you behave yourself."

"What do you mean by displaying that gun, and where have you come from?"

"This gun is intended to keep you people from making a noise. Where I came from is none of your business."

"You've been up to some crooked business in one of the offices," said Johnny.

"Shut up, or you'll regret it!" hissed the intruder.

"What did you come in here for?"

"That's my business. Just you keep quiet."

The man walked to the door and listened. Apparently satisfied that the coast was clear, he turned the handle and started to make his exit, when Johnny seized a heavy book from his desk and flung it at the fellow's head. It hit the mark and the man staggered half out into the corridor. Johnny sprang after him and seized the hand that held the weapon. In the struggle that followed the revolver went off. The girls screamed at Johnny's peril. The racket brought clerks out from the neighboring offices. Seeing the revolver in the man's hand, they were afraid to butt in. Johnny, failing to get the weapon away from him, suddenly put out his foot and tripped the fellow up. They both fell heavily on the floor. Then Mazie and Kitty displayed their courage by rushing out and grabbing the man's arm so he couldn't use his weapon. That emboldened the onlookers and several of them came to Johnny's aid. The rascal was overpowered and disarmed.

"What is he—a crook who tried to rob you?" asked a clerk of the boy.

"No. He came into my office through the window," said Johnny.

"Through the window!" cried the clerk. "Why, that overlooks the street."

"Well, he came in that way."

"He must be a lunatic."

"I don't know what he is, but I took him for a crook from his general appearance and the way he displayed that revolver."

"How did he get out on the face of the building? He must have come out of one of the other offices facing on Wall Street."

"Some of you had better make inquiries. You'd better return to the office, girls. I'm going to tell one of the elevator men to send the janitor up here to take charge of this chap," said Johnny. "Don't let him get away from you," he added, as the man began to struggle desperately to get free.

Johnny ran over to the elevators and stopped the first cage downward.

"Send the janitor or the superintendent up here," he asked the man in charge of it. "We've captured a crook or a lunatic, I don't know which."

The elevator continued down, and in a few minutes the janitor came up. The situation was explained to him.

"Telephone for a policeman," he said to Johnny.

In the meanwhile, two of the clerks called at the front offices whose clerks were not already on the scene to see if they could get a clue on the subject. They found nothing. Johnny telephoned to the nearest police station for an officer, and then came out into the corridor again.

He found that nothing had been learned about the man.

"We've been in all the offices but one next to yours. That's locked. Benson always goes home about four, and it's nearly five now," said one of the clerks.

Benson was a money-lender, whose office hours were from ten to four. He only kept one clerk, who was also a stenographer and typist. Johnny tried the door to make sure, and finding it locked he looked through the keyhole. He could only see a small part of the room, but for all that he made out the legs of a man who was lying motionless on the floor.

"There's something wrong in here," he said, excitedly. "Here, janitor, take a look."

The janitor peeped and saw what Johnny had seen. He also noticed that the window facing the door was open.

"That rascal has been in here and maybe he has murdered Benson," he said. "I must get the pass-key from my assistant of this floor and investigate."

He rushed away and presently came back with his assistant. The door was opened and everybody tried to crowd in.

"Stand back there, gentlemen," said the janitor. "Stand at the door, Mike and keep the crowd back."

Mike posted himself, and only Johnny and the janitor entered the room. They found Benson on the floor, unconscious from a wound inflicted on his head by some kind of a dull instrument. His safe was open and a cash-box lay empty and overturned on the floor. Nothing else had been disturbed. At this moment the policeman appeared and he was admitted to the room. On

the strength of Johnny's story, and what he saw, he handcuffed the rascal and telephoned to the station-house for the patrol wagon. He also communicated with the nearest hospital and asked that an ambulance be sent. By this time the news had spread through the building, and a big crowd had assembled in the corridor. Johnny returned to his office and told the girls about the discovery that he and the janitor had made next door.

"It's a wonder that we didn't hear some sounds showing there was trouble in there," he said. "The rascal must have surprised the old man somehow and struck him down before he could cry out."

"I didn't hear anything," said Mazie.

"Neither did I," said Kitty.

"We were too interested in our own business to pay attention to matters on the outside," said Johnny. "Well, I'm going back to see what the ambulance surgeon says about Benson. You wait here and I'll take you to the station when the excitement is over."

Thus speaking, Johnny left the office. The surgeon had just arrived. He examined the unconscious money-lender and soon brought him to his senses. Benson explained to the policeman that the prisoner had entered his office without knocking, handed him a tale of hard luck and asked for a quarter to pay for a meal and bed.

He refused to give up, as he didn't like the man's appearance nor his manner, whereupon the caller pulled something from his pocket and struck him down. That was all he remembered till revived by the surgeon. The officer called his attention to the open safe and the empty tin box on the floor. He declared that the man had robbed him of the contents of the box, amounting to a considerable sum. The prisoner was searched and the sum of \$70 in bills and a couple of dollars in change was found in one of his pockets.

Benson asserted that was the amount that had been in the box at the time the man entered his office.

Two more policemen now appeared, having come in the patrol wagon, and the prisoner was taken away. Benson, Johnny and the janitor were directed to appear at the Tombs Police Court at eleven o'clock next morning to testify against the prisoner. The crowd melted away, and shortly afterward Johnny locked up and escorted his partners to the Hanover Square elevated station. He went uptown with them. Kitty left the train at 116th station, while Mazie went on to 125th street with Johnny, who saw her home and then went home himself.

CHAPTER XIV.—Johnny Falls Into a Trap.

Johnny went to the court next morning and told how the prisoner had entered his office through the window, with a revolver in his hand. He then explained what happened afterward, which showed that he was chiefly responsible for the capture of the rascal.

The ruffian regarded him with an unfriendly look as he told his story. Mr. Benson had previously told his story, and the janitor followed Johnny. The prisoner was remanded in \$1,000

bail. Johnny then returned to Wall Street. He did not go directly to his office, but sought the Curb market, where he found that Phoenix Copper had gone up 50 cents.

"Hello, Johnny Jones!" cried a trader, slapping him on the back. "I see that you distinguished yourself yesterday afternoon by aiding in the capture of a crook in your building."

"I guess that was my duty under the circumstances," replied the boy broker.

"It would appear so, but it isn't everybody who would tackle a man with a loaded revolver. You are a plucky lad. By the way, I see you are advertising a new mining company—the Yellow Jacket. Your firm is acting as promoters of it, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Want to buy a few thousand shares?"

"No, thanks. I've been bitten by prospects before," laughed the broker.

"This one might be a winner."

"I know. That's what they all say."

"You can't expect to get something good for next to nothing unless you take a risk."

"There are chances enough in Wall Street without going West for them."

"Some people let their chances slip out of their hands. Nearly a dozen brokers let go of their Red Gnome holdings at 10 cents and under, and now look at it—it's quoted at \$1.25 this morning."

"And you are the boy who bought it up. Who did you buy it for?"

"A customer."

"Too bad you didn't buy it yourself. You'd have made a wad."

"That wasn't my luck. However, our firm has made a good thing out of our connection with it."

"Yes, I suppose so. You are agents for the mine now."

"What do you think of Phoenix Copper?"

"I think it'll go to \$8 before noon. It appears to be in considerable demand."

"I'll give you \$8 for 1,000 shares on a ten-day option," said Johnny.

The broker shook his head.

"Make it nine dollars and I'll go you," he said. Johnny appeared to hesitate.

"I'll give you \$8 for a five-day option," he said.

"No" replied the trader. "I wouldn't take the chances under \$9."

"Then we can't do business on that line. I'll tell you what you can do for me," said Johnny, after a moment's thought. "You can buy me 1,000 shares at the market, and I'll pay you on delivery of the certificates. This deal isn't for the firm, but for me, individually."

"All right. I'll do it," said the broker, and they exchanged memorandums.

Johnny was \$1,500 shy of the purchase price, but he decided to borrow the difference from the firm's balance of \$6,000. He waited around till the broker got the stock at \$7.50 and notified him, then went to his office. The certificates were delivered to him the next day, with the broker's statement, and he paid the money. He was already ahead on the deal, as Phoenix Copper was up to \$8.10. Five days later it was up to \$12 and a fraction, which showed the Broker Brewster had given him the correct tip. He sold out the firm's 3,000 shares at a profit of \$5, and his own 1,000 at a profit of \$4.50.

"Johnny Jones & Co. is worth over \$40,000

spot cash, girls," he told his partners that afternoon.

"Then Kitty and I are each worth \$10,000?" said Mazie.

"That's the size of it, and I'm worth \$20,000 in the business and \$10,000 outside of it. I guess I didn't make any mistake in starting up this business of ours," he said.

"I should say not," replied Kitty.

"Judson did me a big favor when he bounced me. I ought to be very grateful to him. If he hadn't done it I would still be running errands for him at a measly \$8 a week."

"Funny how things turn out, isn't it?" said Mazie.

"Bet your life it is! Well, girls, if we keep on increasing our capital we'll soon make a mark in the Street. I daresay I wasn't wrong when I said that we would keep the brokers guessing. We haven't done it yet to any extent, but it's coming, mark my words."

"How much of the Yellow Jacket stock have you sold so far?" asked Kitty.

"About half of it. Here are a dozen letters that came in this afternoon. All inquiries which the boy mailed literature to before he went home."

"I suppose you'll sell the whole lot?"

"If I don't I shall be much surprised."

At that moment a district messenger boy walked in.

"Mr. Johnny Jones?" he asked.

"That's my name," said Johnny.

The lad handed him a letter and the slip to sign. Johnny opened the letter and read it.

"An order for 10,000 shares of Yellow Jacket," he said, after the messenger had gone.

"Fine!" said Kitty.

"Wants me to bring the certificates to his office on Canal street this afternoon and he'll give me a certified check on the Bowery National."

"It's going on five, you'd better start, Johnny," said Mazie. "Come, Kitty, we will go home."

"Wait till I make out the certificates in the gentleman's name. You girls will have to help me, for there are one hundred of them. You take Tom's desk, Kitty, and you sit at the end of mine, Mazie."

Johnny got the blank certificates from the safe and wrote the customer's name on two slips of paper. He handed one to each of the girls and started them to work. He made a memorandum of the bunch for the boy to enter on the book next day, and then took a hand himself. Inside of twenty minutes the work was done. Johnny made a bundle of the certificates and the three left the office. Johnny went with the girls as far as the Canal street station on the Third avenue elevated, and then bade them good-by. The address he was bound for was on the east side of the Bowery. He hustled along till he found the number. There was a wholesale picture frame store on the ground floor, and adjoining it a stairway leading to the floor above. The writer of the letter had directed Johnny to the top floor, where he said his office was. The boy looked for his sign at the door but didn't see it. He then started upstairs.

On the third landing he saw a cheaply made sign, with the man's name on it, which said his office was on the next floor. Johnny thought it was a pretty scaley-looking sign for a man who

could afford to invest \$1,000 in a Western prospect. However, appearances don't always count, and so he went on. There were four doors facing on the landing of the top floor. Only one of them bore a sign, and that was the name of the man he was in search of, and it looked as if it had been daubed on the door by an amateur sign painter. Johnny tried the handle, the door opened and he walked in. Seated at a cheap desk, in a cheap chair, was a tough-looking boy, with a pug nose and carotty hair. There was nothing else in the room.

"This is Mr. Tully's office, isn't it?" said Johnny.

"Yep. Is your name Jones?"

"Yes."

"He's expectin' you with some stock. Did you bring it?" and the boy looked at his bundle.

"I did."

"I'll tell him you've come."

The boy walked into an adjoining room and shut the door after him. Johnny walked to the window and looked out on a vista of backyards, connected with tenements fronting on the next street. The view was not particularly inviting. In a few moments the boy returned and told Johnny to walk into the next room. He did so and found himself in the presence of a sharp-featured man, of sandy complexion, who was seated at another cheap desk, the pigeon-holes of which were filled with papers. There was a vacant chair beside the desk and the man pointed at it with the point of a penknife, with which he was paring his fingernails. The room looked bare, and there was an utter lack of business in the place.

"Are you Mr. Tully?" asked Johnny.

"That's my name," responded the man, briskly, looking at the boy from head to foot, as if sizing him up.

"I received a letter from you, requesting me to bring you 10,000 shares of the Yellow Jacket stock which I am advertising," said Johnny, beginning to entertain some suspicions of the financial standing of his customer.

"That's right," nodded the man. "Did you bring the stock with you?"

"Certainly. You said you would have a certified check ready to pay for it."

"Let me see the certificates."

Johnny opened his bundle and displayed them.

"There's quite a bunch," said the man, picking up the top certificate.

"All stock is issued in certificates of 100 shares. I have had these made out in your name, and you will be entered as a stockholder in the company's books in the morning."

The man ran through the certificates, counting them as he went.

"They're all right," he said. "Here is my check for \$1,000."

The check was on the Bowery National Bank, but it wasn't certified, and might be worthless for all Johnny knew.

"I can't accept this," said Johnny, laying it down on his desk.

"Why not? What's the matter with it?"

"It isn't certified."

"The bank was closed for the day when I went there to get it certified. You can get it certified. If you can't pay for the stock now I'll

take it back and hold it till you send for it during the day."

"I couldn't think of giving you all that trouble," said the man, "so I'll just relieve you of them."

"Excuse me, but you can't have them without the cash or a certified check."

"Can't I? I'm sorry to dispute the matter with you, but I want to use those certificates to-night, so you'll have to leave them."

"No, sir, I can't leave them."

"Sorry, but you have no say in the matter."

"I haven't? The certificates aren't yours till you have paid for them."

"There's my check."

"That's no good as it stands."

"Maybe this is good," said the man, opening a drawer and pulling out a revolver.

At that moment a man, who had entered from a door behind, threw his arms around Johnny and held him in a vise-like grip.

"Here what does this mean?" cried the boy broker, tryin' to free himself.

"It means that you're a prisoner, young man," said Mr. Tully.

Then Johnny realized that he had fallen into a trap.

CHAPTER XV.—Johnny Traps the Trappers.

"This looks like a hold-up," said Johnny, doggedly.

"You can call it what you choose," said Tully, coolly.

"You intend to rob me of that stock, I suppose, but it won't do you any good, for I shall cancel it if you keep it without paying for it."

Tully laughed.

"We'll get rid of it before the morning, and you'll remain a prisoner here till then, at any rate, if not longer," he said.

"Well, you'll get into trouble after that."

"You'll put the police on me, eh?"

"I will."

"I have no objection. I'm not afraid of being arrested."

"You mean to skip the town?"

"No matter what I mean to do. That's my business."

He got up, took a piece of rope from the top of the desk, where it had probably been placed for the purpose he intended to put it to, and tied Johnny's arms behind him while his accomplice held him.

"Now carry him into the little room and lock the door on him," said Tully.

The man, whose face Johnny had not been able to see, did so and he was left to meditate on his unfortunate situation. He heard the men laughing and moving around in the next room. After a while they went into the outer room, shut the door and he heard nothing further from them. He got busy with his bonds and in the course of an hour freed himself. Then he tried the door, though he had heard the unidentified man lock it. It was locked. Johnny made no bones about using his feet on it, and soon kicked a lower panel out. He stuck his arm through and felt for the key. It was in the lock. He turned it, the door opened and he walked out. The door into the next room was also locked. Johnny opened the

window and looked down into a narrow yard filled with bits of lumber used by the picture frame manufacturer. He shut down the window and proceeded to kick a panel out of the other door. He didn't succeed as well as he had with the first door, as it was a stouter one. However, he intended to get out, so he upset the desk and pulled one of the legs off it, after some trouble.

With this he again attacked the door and succeeded in smashing one of the upper panels. He reached through, turned the key and got into the outer room. He still had the corridor door to overcome, and he judged the man had carried the key of that away with him. He used the desk leg on the panels and smashed them. That didn't do him any good, and he attacked the lock.

He couldn't do anything with it. He sat down to rest himself and consider the situation. He noticed a door in the corner of the room. He walked over and opened it. It disclosed a closet. On the floor lay a large rusty chisel.

"Maybe I can force the lock with this," he said.

He tried the experiment without much result.

Then he started to dig the wood away from the side of the lock. It was now growing dark and he would soon be unable to see what he was doing. He redoubled his exertions and finally broke his way through and got the door open. With the chisel in his hand he rushed downstairs.

When he reached the front door on the ground floor he found it locked. He broke it open in a few minutes and stepped out on Canal street.

"Free at last!" he muttered, with a feeling of satisfaction. "Now to find the nearest station-house."

He made inquiries at several stores and finally was directed to the Eleventh Precinct, on Mulberry street.

He hastened there and told his story. He furnished a description of Tully and the boy, and the officer at the desk promised to attend to the matter. There was nothing left for Johnny but to go home. He was on his way to the Bleecker street station when passing a corner he was surprised to see Tully come out of a saloon, accompanied by the boy with the carotty hair and a big man whom he did not recognize, but suspected it was the fellow who had handled him so roughly. He noticed that Tully carried his package of Yellow Jacket certificates under his arm. He fell in behind them and kept his eyes on the alert for a policeman. The trio were headed for the Bowery, just as Johnny was. When they reached that thoroughfare they crossed over and the young broker followed. They walked up to Houston street and turned down that thoroughfare. Half a block from the Bowery they entered a shabby-looking building.

Johnny noted the house and, walking up to it, obtained the number. A short distance away was a drug store. After watching the house for a few minutes the boy started for the druggist's.

He called up the Mulberry street police station and told the man at the desk that he had spotted the parties who had robbed him on Canal street.

They had gone into No.—Houston street. He requested that a couple of officers be sent to the address at once, and he would meet them outside. He was told that a couple of detectives would go up there at once. Fifteen minutes later the men appeared, and recognized Johnny

by the description they had of him, made themselves known to him. He told them how he had accidentally seen the three come out of the corner saloon and had shadowed them to that house. The detectives told the boy to follow them into the house. The upper floors, of which there were three, were let out as tenements, and one of the officers knocked on the door of the first one. A woman came to the door.

"I'd like to see you husband, ma'am."

The head of the family was called, and was evidently not one of the parties wanted. The detective described the chap who had given his name as Tully and asked the man if he recognized him as a person living in the house.

"I think he is the man who occupies the floor above," was the reply.

"Have you ever seen a reddish-haired boy with him?"

"Yes. He has a brother-in-law about seventeen, with red hair and a pug nose."

"What is this man's name?"

"Fletcher."

The party went up to the next floor. Motioning his companion and Johnny to keep in the background, the detective knocked on the door. The carotty-haired boy opened the door.

"I'd like to see Mr. Fletcher," said the officer.

"What do you want to see him about? He's busy."

The detective grabbed the boy by the arm and pulled him out into the landing. Then he signed for the others to advance.

"Is this the boy?" he said to Johnny.

"He's the chap," replied the young broker.

"You're under arrest!" said the detective to the youth.

"What for?" gasped the boy, turning pale.

"You know well enough. Think you can keep him from running away, young man?" said the detective to Johnny.

"I'll bet I can!" said the Wall Street lad, securing a good grip on the carotty-haired youth.

The two detectives then entered the tenement. Inside of five minutes they came out with Fletcher, handcuffed to his friend. One of them had the bundle of stolen certificates. Johnny identified Fletcher as the person who had masqueraded as Tully. That was enough, and the party proceeded with the prisoners to the station-house, where the latter were locked up after their pedigrees were taken down. Next morning, Johnny appeared against the three prisoners, and the magistrate held them under bonds for the action of the Grand Jury. They were duly tried. Fletcher and the boy were convicted, but the other man escaped, because Johnny, while positive of his guilt, could not identify him. At the conclusion of the trial Johnny got the certificates back, though they had no value now, as he had already sold duplicates.

CHAPTER XVI.—Conclusion.

During the time that elapsed between the arrest of Fletcher and his companions and their trial, Johnny Jones & Co. had been growing in importance and capital. Mazie and Kitty had each furnished the firm with another winning tip.

The former had learned of the projected operations of a big syndicate formed to corner and boom O. & H., and Johnny immediately bought 4,000 shares of the stock. The firm cleared \$52,000 on the deal, while Johnny made \$12,500 out of it on the side. Kitty's tip was an equally good one, and as the firm had \$94,000 to use, Johnny bought 8,000 shares for the firm and 2,000 for himself, of S. & T.

He dumped these shares suddenly on the market when he found that the price began to look top-heavy, and almost knocked the legs from under the syndicate, which hadn't been expecting the stock to come to the surface. Johnny Jones was now worth \$50,000 himself, and the firm had \$200,000 in its business. Already the little office on the sixth floor was too contracted for their line of operations, though Johnny managed to do all his bookkeeping himself with the assistance of Tom Johnson.

The firm had secured the agency for two other Western mines of good standing—the Little Jumbo Extension and the Round Top—through the friendly influence of Hen Marshall. On the day following the trial of the Fletcher crowd, Johnny Jones & Co. received a proposition to market the shares of a leasing syndicate which had taken over the Yellow Jacket for a term of months. Johnny, of course, accepted it and got busy in the Street with it. Not a trader dreamed that it was Johnny Jones & Co. that had greatly embarrassed the S. & T. syndicate, and made a big hole in its profits.

Johnny learned that a firm of lawyers, having a three-room suit—two small and one large room—on the floor below were going to move to Broadway, and were looking for a tenant to take the lease off their hands. It had a year and a month to run. As Johnny Jones & Co.'s lease of the small room would expire in a month, though he had agreed to take it for another year, which bound him, he decided to take the suite and get the janitor to rent the small room he now occupied. Arrangements were easily made, for Johnny Jones & Co. was recognized as a responsible firm, and so the boy broker got possession of the suite and proceeded to furnish it up in style. One of the small rooms was for the accommodation of the girls and the other for himself. The big room was already railed off, and that was what Johnny wanted. He put in several tall desks, though he didn't need them. The main door to the young firm's new offices read as follows:

JOHNNY JONES & Co.

Stocks and Bonds.

Red Gnome Mining and Milling Co.

Yellow Jacket Gold Mining Co.

Lalla Rookh Mining and Milling Co.

Little Jumbo Extension Mining and Milling Co.

Round Top Gold Mining and Milling Co.

Yellow Jacket Leasing Co.

Altogether, the door bore a look of business, and both Johnny and his fair partners were very proud of their connection with it.

The firm had hardly got established in its new quarters when Johnny found out that one of the traction companies of Long Island had a squabble

on between the minority shareholders and the party in power. The minority had formed a committee and contributed a fund to buy in all the shares they could get, hoping that possibly they might get the control of the road by a narrow margin.

Johnny wondered if it wouldn't be a good idea to try and buy some of the shares, if the firm could get them, and hold them in expectation that either side might want them, and pay a premium to get them. The firm had \$200,000 lying idle, and he believed in getting it at work. He had a talk with the girls before he made any move, though he knew they were in favor of anything he suggested, because he believed they had a right to pass on any deal he took hold of. Of course, they told him to go ahead.

"I can't go ahead till I learn where I can get some of the shares," he said. "I've already made inquiries and find there are none on the open market now."

"Maybe I can find out from Mr. Sanders," said Kitty. "He knows most everything that is going on."

She did try, and learned that a friend of her employer's, a widow lady, owned 1,000 shares of the Suburban Trolley Road. The stock, however, was not for sale, and she so reported to Johnny.

Suburban Trolley stock generally ruled around 105. It was now going at 112. Johnny got the lady's address and called on her. He didn't believe that his visit would be productive of results, but he wasn't letting the smallest chance get away from him. Luck, however, played into his hands.

The lady had just learned that she could buy a certain property near her own on which she had long had an eye. She had made up her mind to sell her trolley shares to the president of the road, whose propositions she had turned down a week previous. When Johnny introduced himself and the object of his visit, she supposed he came from the president, and she said she'd sell her stock for \$112,000 cash.

"All right, ma'am," said Johnny. "We'll draw up a paper to that effect and I'll pay you \$1,000 to bind it. To-morrow I'll bring a certified check for \$111,000."

The deal was put through, and Johnny returned to the city. He went to the safe deposit box, where the firm's funds were kept, and took out \$111,000 in big bills. Then he called on Mr. Simms.

"I want you to do me a favor, Mr. Simms," he said.

"Name it," smiled the broker.

"I want you to give me a certified check for \$111,000, made payable to the order of that lady," said Johnny, laying down a slip of paper on his desk. "Here is the money for you to deposit against the check."

"Say, Johnny, honest Injun, who are your partners? You can trust me."

"One is at the office now, the other will be around at a quarter after four. Come around at that hour and you shall make acquaintance of the 'Co. that the Street is so curious about.'"

"I'll be around, and I'll bring the check with me."

Johnny was telling Mazie and Kitty about the purchase of the traction stock when Broker Simms was announced by the new office boy.

"Show him in," said Johnny.

Mr. Simms walked into Johnny's private room.

"Mr. Simms, allow me to present my partners," said Johnny.

"Say, this is one of your jokes, isn't it?"

"No, sir. It's the real Simon-pure fact. These girls have been my partners from the day we started in on a capital of \$2,500, in the little room on the floor above. This is the firm that is now keeping the brokers guessing who the Co. is. Keep it quiet, and let them keep on guessing. You're the only trader in the Street who knows who M. Green and K. Brown really are."

The broker nodded and he promised to keep mum.

Before he left he handed the certified check to Johnny, and next day Johnny paid it to the widow and got the stock. He didn't have it transferred, but notified the majority and minority committees of the trolley road, anonymously, that the widow had sold her stock to the writer.

Immediately, both parties, after verifying the sale, started to guess who had it, for as matters stood the 1,000 shares would give the minority the control. The boy broker published an advertisement in the Wall Street News, saying that the stock was for sale to the highest bidder, and bids must be made through Johnny Jones & Co., of the Addison Building.

Representatives from both committees called on Johnny and made offers. He played one against the other till the minority people offered 150 for the stock. Johnny's sympathy was with them and he accepted. Then he sent the stock to the secretary's office to be transferred to the name of Johnny Jones & Co. When the new certificates were returned to the firm, with another offer from the majority, Johnny sent them back with the word that they were sold, and asked that they be transferred to the new owner.

That gave the minority control and Johnny Jones & Co., a profit of \$38,000. The young firm was now worth over a quarter of a million. Shortly afterward the secret of the Co. got out, and there was great astonishment in Wall Street, and scores of brokers called on Johnny for an introduction. He requested them all to call in a bunch one afternoon after four. With the reception-room full of curious traders, he led Mazie and Kitty into the room, and taking his place between them said:

"Gentlemen, this is Johnny Jones & Co., the firm that kept the brokers guessing, and Miss Mazie and I are engaged to be married."

Next week's issue will contain "ADRIFT IN THE CITY; OR, THE FATE OF A WAIF."



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Woodbine, Pa.

SHORT-STOP SAM

or

The Boss of the Baseball Boys

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XIV.

Len Marks Gives It Up.

That made three out.

Short-stop Sam had surely done his share that inning, and the spectators appreciated it.

But he was used to being cheered, so he paid little or no attention to it.

In their half of the fifth the Peerless players had bad luck.

They had two men on bases and none out when Seaver knocked a little fly to first and a double play was made on it.

Reardon, who was on second at the time, started for third as the ball was thrown over the second baseman's head, but it was fielded by the short-stop and he was thrown out at third.

That ended their half of the sixth inning, with the score still a tie.

Of the two nines, the visitors seemed to be playing with the greatest precision now.

Their team work was good, and they had settled down as steady as a clock.

Short-stop Sam could not help noticing it, and he called the attention of it to the players as they went into the field.

"We've got to settle down to solid work," he said. "We must not lose this game. It would please Jack Cuny and Len Marks too much."

Ketchum, the rightfielder of the visitors, was the first to the bat this inning.

He sent a hot grounder out to O'Donnell, who picked it up after a run.

Cahill came next, and reached first on a fumble made by Pete Perkins.

The lanky third baseman got the ball to first, all right, but it was just too late, and Ketchum went to second.

Morris came next, and Timlin struck him out quite easy.

One man out and two on bases.

Everson went out next with a fly to centerfield, and that made two out.

Knot hit out a long fly over our hero's head, and by the time McGuire got it the bases were filled.

There was an even chance that the tie would be broken.

As Rover stepped up to the plate a stillness came over the crowd.

A base hit would fetch in a run, and then the score would be eight to seven in favor of Rutcliffe.

Rover knew a whole lot depended upon him, and he nerved himself.

"Ball one!" sang out the umpire.

"Strike!"

"Ball two!"

"Foul—strike! Strike two!"

"Ball three!"

It was getting decidedly interesting now.

Timlin sent in a swift drop and Rover hit at it.

He caught it and raised it high in the air.

As there were two out everybody ran.

Timlin looked up at the ball and saw that it was going to drop behind him and to his right.

He started to get under it, but at that moment Bates called out from first:

"Short-stop Sam!"

Timlin knew what that meant.

The little shortstop was under the high fly.

The runner from third crossed the plate just as the ball struck our hero's hands.

"Out!" shouted the umpire.

The run just in did not count, and the score was still seven to seven.

Then the loudest yelling and cheering of the afternoon took place.

"There is no use talking, Marks," said Jack Cuny, a look of disgust on his face. "That whelp of a Sam Walters is going to win the game for the Peerless, unless you get that plan of yours in operation pretty quick. Why, just look at the brilliant plays he has made."

"I'll fix him!" was the reply. "But remember one thing, Jack Cuny—if I get in any trouble through it you have got to get me out."

"I have already told you that I would, providing that you kept a still tongue if you did get in trouble. But there is no need of you getting in trouble. Can't you fix him so no one will have any suspicion?"

"I don't know about that. By the paper this morning it would seem that we are both under suspicion now."

"Bother the paper!" exclaimed the young man. "My father will soon put that fellow Benton out of business. He is going to buy up the mortgage on his plant Monday."

"Well, I'll do my best to keep Short-stop Sam from winning the game for the Peerless club," said Len Marks, as he got up to leave the grandstand. "I'll also try and fix him so he'll never play ball again, for if ever a person hated another I hate Sam Walters!"

The sneaking young villain made his way from the grandstand over to a stand where soft drinks, peanuts, candies, etc., were offered for sale.

This was something new, an enterprising man of the town having leased the privilege and opened for the first on this day.

He was doing quite a business, too, and when Marks walked up and bought a couple of cigars there were several men and boys there patronizing the stand.

The young villain had a little vial that contained cyanide of mercury in his pocket! He had decided to poison Sam Walters, if he could!

But he could think of no way to get the poison to him.

He bought some chewing-gum, a couple of oranges, and half a dozen bananas.

Then he walked off to a convenient spot and fixed up one of each with the poison.

These he placed in his coat pocket and walked leisurely over to the rail that divided the crowd from the grounds that were for the use of the players only.

Peerless was at the bat now, and they had managed to get a man on first.

Reardon had made a hit, and McGuire stepped up to move him along a base if he could.

The first ball McGuire hit was a foul, and it came right over where Marks was standing.

A small boy caught it, and received a cheer from the bleachers for his pains.

Then he threw the ball to Short-stop Sam, who was standing near the players' bench, looking that way.

As Sam caught the ball, Len Marks handed the boy who had made the catch the good orange he had.

"Eat that!" he said.

"All right!" was the reply, and the boy sank his teeth in the fruit in a hurry.

"Throw this one to Short-stop Sam!" and Marks handed the poisoned orange to him.

"You bet I will!" and the urchin stepped around and called out to our hero:

"Here yer go, Sam! Here's an orange fur yer!"

"Thank you!" he exclaimed. "Who gave it to you to throw to me?"

"Dis is der gent!" was the reply, and the boy patted Marks on the shoulder.

"Ah! All right. I am much obliged to you, Marks. I'll eat this after the game."

Marks turned deathly pale.

He realized that he had placed himself in peril.

What if Short-stop Sam learned that the orange was poisoned?

And suppose he did not, and should eat it. It would be up to Marks as the one who had given him the poisoned orange!

The young villain became so badly scared that he walked to a place where he could throw the rest of the poisoned things away, and then he got rid of them in a hurry, not forgetting to let the vial go with them.

Trembling with excitement and fear, he made his way back to the grandstand.

Jack Cuny was waiting for him.

He had seen the orange thrown to Sam, and had heard what the boy said.

"Marks, was there anything wrong about that orange?" he asked.

"It is poisoned!" was the whispered retort.

"Then you have got yourself in a hole! Sam Walters will never eat that. He will have it examined by a chemist. I guess you had better quit the job."

"I wish I had never gone into it!" was the reply.

Then Len Marks got up and went out of the grounds.

He had had enough of that kind of work.

But let us see how the game was proceeding.

McGuire reached first on balls and sent Reardon to second.

O'Donnell came next with a hit to short, and Reardon went out at third.

The third baseman tried to make a double play of it, but threw wild and McGuire got to third.

And only one out!

Sam Walter came up next, and the second ball pitched was hit by him for two bases, sending McGuire home, though O'Donnell got caught at third.

The tie had been broken!

The cheering was deafening at this juncture.

The fans nearly went wild with joy.

But that was all they were to get that inning, for Timlin went out on a fly to center.

The visitors came in, and they were full of ginger.

A neat single was cracked out by the first man at the bat, and this was followed up by a two-bagger by the next batter.

With a man on second and third, and none out, it looked as though they were going to score.

Timlin struck the next two men out in quick succession, and then up came reliable Knot.

He hit out a single and a run came in again making the score a tie.

The next man went out on a pop-fly to the pitcher, and that ended the seventh inning of the game.

CHAPTER XV.

The Finish of the Game and What Happened.

Sam had placed the orange in his coat pocket, with the belief that there was surely something wrong with it. He meant to find out after the game.

He said nothing to any of the players, for he realized that it was play ball, and that nothing must get into their heads other than the game they were playing.

"Jones at the bat!" called out the scorer, and the catcher toed the mark and cracked out a two-bagger that set the fans almost crazy with pure, unadulterated joy.

Harry Bates followed with a sacrifice hit, sending Jones to third.

Seaver went out on a foul fly, making two out.

Then Reardon got his base on balls, for the Rutcliff pitcher was a little wild at times, and lost more than one good opportunity.

McGuire hit out a grounder to right garden, sending Reardon trotting to second.

The bases full and two out!

It was like two strikes and three balls—the critical moment had arrived.

"O'Donnell to the bat!"

The sturdy centerfielder stepped up, and at the first ball pitched cracked out a long fly to left field.

But there was no use running, as it was right in the hands of the leftfielder.

It was caught, and that ended their half of the inning.

"That was what I call too bad, Jim," said Sam, as they took the field. "We should have got a run in that time. We may not get another such chance."

"Oh, we'll win the game yet," was the reply.

"If all hands stick to that opinion we will."

Haverhill was the first man to the bat.

He hit a liner to short which Sam caught with one hand.

Cline followed with a red-hot grounder to the same locality, and Short-stop Sam scooped it up, and sent it to first like a streak of lightning.

Sam was certainly getting some of the work this inning, and he gloried in it.

"Send another one this way!" he shouted to Burton, as the heavy batter of the visitors stepped up.

"All right!" was the reply.

(To Be Continued.)

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, AUGUST 31, 1928

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

SENATOR WALSH RIVALS PRESIDENT AS FISHERMAN

Thomas J. Walsh, Montana's senior Senator, twice has matched the President's Brule River fishing achievement by hooking two fish on the same line. He reported the four trout pulled in with two casts weighed upward of four pounds. The Senator is summering in Glacier National Park.

VON OPEL BEATS TRAIN WITH BOAT ON RHINE

Fritz von Opel, German sportsman and motorboat expert, recently beat an express train with his 560-horsepower motorboat in a race over a distance of ten kilometers (6.21 miles) on the Rhine.

Von Opel drove his boat over the distance in 6 minutes 12 seconds, two and one half minutes faster than the train running along the river bank. The average speed of the boat was 94.75 kilometers an hour (58:84 m. p. h.)

CANADA TO USE PIGEONS IN FOREST AIR PATROL

The homing pigeon, which won its spurs by brilliant work in the World War, has been officially enrolled in Canada's peace time air patrol.

The Department of National Defence announced some time ago the establishment of a carrier pigeon service as an auxiliary to the forest fire patrol and aerial photographic survey, pilots departing for patrol duty over the northern wilderness will hereafter carry two or more birds, which they will liberate with a message in the event of a forced landing in a remote spot.

MOTOR CAR BLINDNESS ENDS IN BARBER'S CHAIR

Leo G. de Bremont, retired real estate dealer, of 218 Passaic Avenue, Hasbrouck Heights, lost

his sight two months ago while driving an automobile, and regained it in a barber's chair.

De Bremont was driving along one night when everything went black. He asked his wife if the headlights were out. They were not, and De Bremont knew he was blind. He offered a specialist \$5,000 to operate, but the doctor said it was too dangerous.

De Bremont likes facial massages, and he soon noticed that the electric vibration over his forehead was helping his eyes. He kept it up, and laterly he sat up in a chair in Patsy Cardone's shop, his vision restored. He tipped the barber \$25, and hurried to his Lake Hopatcong summer home.

LEOPARD SLASHES KEEPER AT CENTRAL PARK ZOO

Richard Ownes, a keeper in the lion house in the Central Park Zoo, was clawed by an Indian leopard. Ownes had fed the animals and was filling their drinking basins. As he started pouring water into the leopard's basin the animal struck at him, raking a claw across his right hand.

A snarl which the leopard gave as it struck aroused the other inmates of the lion house, ten lions, two tigers, two pumas, two hyenas and a black leopard, and they set up a howling and a caterwauling which alarmed the 100 or more persons in the place, several of whom ran out in the belief that one or more animals had broken out.

Ownes was attended by an ambulance surgeon, who took six stitches in the laceration and directed the keeper to take anti-toxin injections daily until the wound healed. Ownes is fifty-eight years old and lives at 110 East 128th street.

POLICEMEN PAY CARFARE HOME FOR SCORES WHO SPEND LAST NICKEL ENJOYING CONEY

Patrolmen of the Twenty-eighth Precinct at Coney Island are said to be among the kindest hearted in the world, but they do not have the highest regard for the spending propensities of persons who throng the city's amusement resort.

Day after day, the patrolmen at the beach said recently, they are approached by individuals, couples and families who have spent their last cent having a good time and who need sufficient money to get home. And nearly every time the patrolman digs into his pocket and produces the necessary nickels.

Two policemen in the signal booth at Ocean Parkway and Sea Breeze Avenue told about it. They did not care to give their names.

"Surely, every man in the precinct has the same trouble every warm day," one of them said. "When a woman and several children ask for enough money to get home, we just can't refuse them. On some days, though, so many do it that we have to draw a line somewhere."

A woman approached him one day, the other patrolman said, typical of most cases, and asked for carfare home. She had spent all her money riding sky-chasers, skooters and whatnot. True to custom, the obliging policeman put his hand in his pocket and brought forth carfare.

A patrolman at Oriental Point said he had given as much as \$1.90 in a single day to help penniless pleasure-seekers back home.

The Beggar Detective

Speculation as to who had murdered George Judson had long since died out. The murder had been the usual nine days' wonder when Judson had been found dead in a small private room of a hotel of questionable character.

To this room were two entrances, one opening into a hall leading to the barroom, the other into another hall and down a private stairway to the street.

The street door was seldom fastened.

Judson must have entered by this door and the murderer likewise, although no living soul had observed the latter enter or depart.

At first suspicion's finger was directed toward the proprietor of the place, but as nothing could be proved against him he was released; justly, too, I at the time decided, for I knew in my heart that, although a bad man, the proprietor had never committed this murder.

But who had?

There was the rub.

The coroner's jury decided that "he came to his death at the hands of a person or persons unknown."

And this was absolutely all that was known, two years later, by which time the circumstances were well-nigh forgotten. But then one day, in looking over the "Personals," I saw one which it struck me concealed something, and which I read again and pondered over.

"Tom—Where are you? I am in distress, and need money. If you don't answer this, I'll tell all I know about that J——n affair. KATE."

"That 'J——n affair?' What affair was that? J——n! Can it be the Judson affair?" as the murder flashed suddenly across my brain. "Thunder! What a feather it would be in my cap if I could solve this enigma of who murdered Judson. J——n. I'll investigate this."

My connection with the case at the time of the deed had made me acquainted with the names of some of Judson's friends. I chanced to remember the name of one, whom I at once went to see. I found that he had been a warm friend of Judson's.

"Poor George!" he said. "Many a bully good time we had together. They called him just a little too wild—perhaps he was a trifle fast to suit the taste of a church deacon—but he had a good heart, had Judson. So you're trying to solve the mystery, hey? Well, I'll help you all I can."

"Then tell me, did you and he ever know a woman called Grace?"

"Grace—Grace!" musingly. "No."

"Nor Kate?"

"Yes. I know of one who traveled by the name of Kate. Jud knew her well—used to meet her in the place where he was murdered."

"Ah! I saw daylight ahead."

"Can you describe her?"

"Yes. Medium-sized, oval face, black hair and sparkling eyes like jet, and—and—I remember there was something peculiar about her mouth when she smiled. What was it? Ah! I remember; one of her front teeth had been filed away on one corner."

The next day I inserted in the "Personals" the following:

"Kate—Meet me at the corner of Broadway and Fourth street to-night at ten. TOM."

Full of hope, I that night hung about the designated spot until long after the hour mentioned. But Kate did not appear, nor did she the next night nor the one following; nor could I get her to answer numerous "Personals" inserted from time to time. In the very teeth of a most auspicious beginning I was sadly balked.

But I did not yet despair of success, although it was several months later before I again picked up the clew.

While examining the passenger list of a steamer, and asking questions about the passengers of her last trip, for an entirely different purpose, I had described to me the very woman I was after, this very Kate.

She was traveling with an elderly gentleman who bought tickets for "Nicholas Turner and wife."

Slight as was my grounds for supposing that this was the woman who had advertised in the "Personals," and not knowing for a certainty whether J——n meant Judson, I determined to follow her up. Many of my professional brethren would have laughed at me for putting so much faith in the case; but I did not give them the chance to laugh, for I kept the whole thing to myself.

Judson had been very wealthy, and all his relations were rich also.

They had offered a handsome reward for the murderer's being brought to justice.

"No, I'll keep it to myself," I said. "If I succeed I'll make a nice stake; if I fail none shall know it."

I took the next steamer for England and thence followed "Nichola Turner and wife" to Paris. Here for a time I was at fault, for they had changed the name they sailed under to "N. T. Howell and wife." But I caught the clew at last, and finally tracked them to Italy—to Rome.

For many days I paced the streets hoping to get a glimpse of my birds, but as time passed on without meeting them I began to feel discouraged. Finally, I determined to do what I should have done in the first place, and went to the office of the police.

I stated the case, and asked their advice toward discovering if they still remained in Rome.

"Better consult Zanfretta," I was finally told.

"Who is he?"

"A beggar, but just the man you want."

"Where does he live?"

I received minute directions, and about three o'clock that afternoon I found myself in one of the dirtiest and filthiest holes I have ever seen. It was a large, massive building, but the rooms were very small and very dirty.

In one of them I found Zanfretta.

I told him who had sent me.

"And what is it you want?" he asked. The purity and accent of the English he spoke surprised me. But I afterward learned that this old beggar had business frequently with English-speaking people and had given him command of that language.

I described Kate.

"She is in Rome," he said quietly, and yet positively.

"Can you tell me anything more of her? Where she lives, and how?"

A shrewd look crossed the beggar's face.

"It is usual at this stage of the business to say how much my services are worth," he said pointedly.

"How much do you want?"

"Say twenty dollars."

"I'll make it twenty-five if you work up the case within three days."

"Done," he said. "Ritta and myself will do it for you," and he patted affectionately the head of a little girl, whom, up to this time, I had barely noticed.

"Does she assist you?"

"Yes, she is a treasure to the old beggar," he said. "Come in three days from now, and you shall learn what you wish to know."

Taking the hint, I at once bade him good-day, and took my departure, and went to my hotel, where I at once set about making myself comfortable for the next three days.

"Don't they make a handsome couple?"

The remark drew my attention to two guests of the hotel. The gentleman was tall, well-built and handsome; his face was finely molded, and a heavy mustache drooped over his mouth. The lady was fairer complexioned than he was, and well merited the adjective—"beautiful."

It was said that providing the consent of the Hon. Ezra Church could be obtained, Thomas Corsa and Lucy Church would be married. With a cigar between my lips, and the blue smoke curling spirally upward on the soft air, I allowed my footsteps to fall in their wake. Glancing ahead, I saw the form of a beggar before the door of one of the magnificent churches of the Eternal City. Standing beside him was a child—a little girl.

"Zanfretta!" I thought, and was about to turn my eyes from him when I saw his head raised, saw the little girl bend her eyes keenly on some one approaching from the opposite direction. It was a woman, and alone.

Was it Kate?

I shrank back out of sight, but in such a position as to witness what transpired. Zanfretta was supposed to be blind, but he had eyes keener than mine, in truth, and I saw that he was watching the woman, now almost beside him.

Tom Corsa and Lucy were now also near him; he was bending toward Lucy, speaking tender words of love, when I saw him suddenly raise his head. The dark-complexioned woman had uttered an exclamation of surprise.

Corsa started, his fist clenched, his face paled; the dark woman darted at him a meaning look; the child watched the trio intently, and I saw the beggar detective's eyes bestow a keen, transitory look on them, and then his head sank again, and to all appearances he was the humble suppliant for alms.

Nothing further of any importance happened until the expiration of the three days, when I visited Zanfretta.

"The money!" he said, in answer, when I asked him what he had learned; nor would he open his lips until he had it in his hands. Then he was communicative enough.

"The woman's name is Kate Smith. She came to Rome with a man named Nicholas Turner Howell. He got tired of her and deserted her a week ago. She is from New York originally. She is well acquainted with the man who, it is said, will marry Lucy Church. Kate sent a note to his hotel, and he went to see her. She holds some power over him, or he would never have faced the public in her company. Kate's character is well known, and Miss Church is almost heartbroken, for her father forbids her speaking again to this Corsa."

"And how have you learned all this?" I asked, in surprise, for I was astonished at his having so soon informed himself about so many minor details.

Again I saw that peculiar, shrewd smile across the beggar's face. "Excuse me," he said, "but that is the secret of my business."

"True. But now where does this Kate live?"

He told me; and thither I at once posted, after arming myself with the proper authority of the law. Making my way to her room I arrested her at once.

"What for?" she demanded.

"For being concerned in the murder of George Judson," I sternly said. "Your accomplice is also in custody."

"My goodness, what shall I do?" she cried, sinking down in abject terror.

"I'll tell you," I quickly said. "Make a clean breast of it, for he is seeking to save himself by laying it all on you."

"I will," she said solemnly. "This is how it happened: You know I am not a good woman. Well, Jud—poor Jud—fell in love with me. He had lots of 'tin,' and supported me royally. But I was not true to him, for I loved this Tom Corsa. I used to meet Jud in the place where he was murdered. I went there that night an hour earlier than the appointed time to meet Corsa. Jud had never done so before, but that night he came earlier than the appointed time. He found Corsa there. He and Corsa had been bosom friends, and he called Corsa a treacherous thief and a traitor. Jud was angry and perhaps a little jealous. Corsa was hot-blooded. Very few words passed. It all happened quick as a flash, and there lay Jud dead. Corsa and I left the place unseen. Corsa gave me money and sent me West, promising to come after me in a week or so. But he never did."

"You advertised for Corsa in the 'Personals,'" I said.

"Yes. And you saw it, then?"

"Yes. Why did you not reply to the answer signed 'Tom'?"

"When I advertised for Tom Corsa I was in distress, hadn't a cent in the world. But that day I met Howell, whom I had made acquaintance with out West. He relieved my necessities, and I never looked for an answer, but got ready and came to Europe with him."

It is scarcely necessary to say that I put her confession into legal shape, which enabled me to get a warrant for Tom Corsa. They were both brought back to New York, and sentenced to life terms in Sing Sing.

And thus, by the simple circumstances of seeing J——n in the "Personals" was solved a case which had been wrangled in the profoundest mystery.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

LAKE SHIP AGROUND; TUGS GO TO RESCUE

Two tugs left the "Soo" recently for Isle Parisienne, Lake Superior, to aid in towing the steamer Kiowa, hard aground on the island reefs. The twenty-eight members of the Kiowa's crew are in no danger, but the bottom was reported ripped out of the ship by the reef.

PRINCETON MAN IN HAITI MAKES AUTO TAGS ORANGE AND BLACK

The Republic of Haiti roots for Princeton, if the color of its license tags is any criterion.

It has been learned in Princeton, N. J., that, due to the efforts of Colonel Frank Evans, Princeton, '98, who is one of the heads of the gendarmerie of Haiti, the negro republic, has adopted orange and black, the Princeton colors, for its automobile license tag.

Colonel Evans has presented his class with a set of plates which bear the license number "98," his class numerals.

AMBASSADOR GREW LEAPS IN RIVER TO SAVE WOMAN

Joseph C. Grew, American Ambassador, jumped from a ferry to the swift waters of the Bosphorus recently and rescued an aged, veiled Turkish woman who had thrown herself overboard. Despite the efforts of the Ambassador to resuscitate her, she died an hour later.

This is the second time that Ambassador Grew has played a hero's role in Turkey and the streets and Turkish press are ringing with his praises. In the previous instance the Ambassador found two Turkish girls in a smashed automobile on a lonely country road. His prompt rescue and transportation of them to a hospital were greatly praised at the time.

HOOVER DROPS POLITICS TO LISTEN IN ON FIGHT

Another side of Herbert Hoover was revealed recently as Gene Tunney and Tom Heeney fought their battle for the heavyweight championship of the world, 3,000 miles across the continent. Slipping the cares of a political campaign from his shoulders, the Republican Presidential nominee tuned in on the fight, surrounded by members of his family and some friends who were dinner guests at the home on San Juan Hill.

A new radio set, installed only a little while before, was used in receiving the blow-by-blow account as broadcast over the country. Mr. Hoover followed the progress of the match with keen interest as he has of all of the heavyweight bouts of recent years.

CHILDREN'S MUSEUM PRAISED BY SOUTH AFRICAN CURATOR

News of the accomplishments of the Brooklyn Children's Museum, which reached him at Natal, South Africa, brought E. C. Chubb, Curator of

the \$1,500,000 public museum and art gallery in Durban, Natal, South Africa, to Brooklyn, where he visited the children's museum and paid his compliments, Miss Anna B. Gallup, Curator of the Brooklyn Children's Museum, announced recently.

Mr. Chubb praised in particular the educational methods of the children's museum, declaring: "I am especially taken with the games the children are given to play here, where they are given sets of cards with questions on them concerning minerals, animals, birds, geography, history and volcanoes, which they answer by their studies of the exhibits in the museum and by the use of the museum library."

He said there was "nothing to compare" with this in South Africa.

THE LOWLY BAT NOW AIDS MAN IN WAR AGAINST MOSQUITOES

The mosquito offensive may be conducted with a can of kerosene sprinkled in the water barrel, with an airplane puffing poisonous dust over swamps and marshes, or even with little fish introduced into breeding places. Now comes word from Texas that the ancient and much maligned bat is fighting the pest.

Even the Bible brands the bat as unclean and from ages past this, one of the oldest of mammals, has been regarded as a thing of evil. Man has left it to its desolate caverns and deserted towers, shunning it as a symbol of wickedness and ruin, and women have run from it in terror, believing that its one purpose in life is to entangle itself in the human hair.

This little creature has never known anything from mankind but unpopularity. There is, however, another creature of the night which men loathe even more, the mosquito, and here the bat has found a chance to redeem itself. Where bats have been used to fight mosquitoes there have been people who at first declared they would rather have the insects than the animals, but later, it is said, they changed their minds when aware of the results of the work.

It was some years ago when Dr. Charles A. R. Campbell, an employe of the Health Department of San Antonio, set out to find a way to lessen danger from malaria by eradicating mosquitoes. His idea was to investigate the plan of using bats. The common species of this animal lives on insects, catching them on the wing; and stomach tests show that when mosquitoes are plentiful they are the bat's main article of diet. One bat may thus kill more than 1,000 mosquitoes in a night.

Dr. Campbell undertook to find out how this appetite might be bent to the use of man. He envisioned large colonies of bats, brought under cultivation like bees, so that they might be used where needed and on an effective scale. At eventide they would fly from the quarters assigned to them, clear the atmosphere of mosquitoes, then turn back to the roost until the return of darkness.

CURRENT NEWS

BATHERS GET SHARK SCARE

More than one hundred bathers were taking their morning plunge at Clearwater Beach off the foot of New Dorp Lane, New Dorp, S. I., recently when some one raised the cry of "Shark!" The men and women, without turning to look back, immediately splashed their way toward shore.

The police were notified, and Sergeant Purden and a crew from the Harbor Squad came to the scene in Patrol Boat 8. They cruised around the spot for more than an hour, but saw no sign of a shark. Sergeant Purden later said he believed it was a hoax, because when he attempted to find some one among the bathers who had actually seen the shark he found none.

BOULDER DAM BOARD TO MEET

The board of three engineers and two geologists appointed to determine the feasibility of the construction of a dam in Boulder or Black Canyon on the Colorado River will hold its initial meeting at the office of the Secretary of the Interior.

Former Secretary Work appointed the board under an act of Congress which authorized the body to investigate the proposed sites, construction and feasibility.

Roy O. West, of Chicago, recently appointed by President Coolidge as successor to Secretary Work, is expected to convene the board. The board will be organized, prepare for a visit to the proposed sites and will hold hearings at Denver, Colo., where most of data has been collected.

TRADE SUFFERED FROM COLD, NOW HOT SPELL HITS SALES

The weather man seems to be going out of his way this year to make things difficult for local merchants. After a long, dreary period of low temperatures, during which business suffered severely, merchants were treated to a week of scorching weather. This, instead of bringing out the wave of consumer buying which had been predicted, had the opposite effect.

Instead of supplying their needs in a large way, consumers either fled to the seashore or country or stayed at home and kept as cool as possible. They bought goods, of course, but what might have been a record week was just a week that "beat last year."

FAMOUS BUGLE SOUNDED AT NOTABLE FUNERALS

The most famous bugle in the United States Army is said to be found at Fort Meyer, Va., just across the Potomac from Washington, the property of Staff Sergeant Frank Witchey, the veteran bugler of the Third Cavalry.

Witchey blew taps on the horn at the grave of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington Cemetery, and at the funerals of Woodrow Wilson, William Jennings Bryan, Major Gen. Leonard Wood,

Lieut. Gens Nelson and other prominent Americans.

The bugle was issued originally to Witchey by the army as a part of his equipment, but the day after he blew taps at the grave of the Unknown Soldier he bought the horn back from the quartermaster for \$2.50. He had the bugle gold-plated and now he engraves on it all the important events at which it is blown, with the dates.

GERMANS PAY \$1 A YEAR RENT; NEVER RAISED IN 409 YEARS

In the face of an acute housing shortage throughout Germany, residents of Fuggerei have continued to pay \$1 a year as rent. The rate has not changed for 409 years.

Fuggerei is the oldest urban settlement in Germany still used for residence purposes. It is a city within a city, a part of Augsburg.

Jacob Fugger, a German merchant prince of the sixteenth century, laid out a site for housing people of small means, and today 106 families have cause to bless his memory.

Their rent has not been raised for exactly 409 years, and the only conditions attached to the tenancy is that they shall be Catholics, that they shall follow a trade and not be in receipt of public charity.

A THRIVING VILLAGE DWINDLES AS FISH DESERT BLACK RIVER.

The little settlement of Black River, on the shores of the Bay of Fundy, was estimated twenty-five years ago to have 4,000 inhabitants. For more than half a century it was a resort for the fishermen. Particularly favored by nature, the adjacent waters were teeming with lobsters, herring and line-and-seine fish of many varieties. Hundreds of small fishing vessels were built and launched. Black River was a typical, prosperous Nova Scotian fishing village.

Today it has a population of less than a hundred and its former fisher folk have scattered to other coastal sections of the United States or Canada. For some reason the bottom has dropped from the Black River fisheries. Fish that were prodigal in numbers a few years ago seem literally to have left the waters.

Two score years ago Black River fishermen caught more fish in a month than they would catch in two or three years at the present rate. Scallop and clam beds once abounded there. Now they have practically disappeared. Other fishing villages have had their fat years and their lean years. But for Black River fishing years are now all lean.

Its large fleet of fishing craft has dwindled to a mere handful of motorboats, whose owners have to farm and cut pulpwood to eke out a living. Not a plant is active in smoking, salting, drying, and pickling fish.

The few remaining natives are inclined to shrug their shoulders expressively and assert their belief that luck has deserted them.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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